

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## FOUR MONTHS IN THE DARK

See  
Page  
Two

### IS HE ALIVE ?

ALEXANDER SAYS HE IS  
One More Little Tale of the  
War That Never Ends

#### HOME AFTER MANY DAYS

How much easier it is to kill a man than to bring him to life again has just been shown by the case of yet another war victim.

Alexander Zachan, a native of a part of Hungary which, after the war, was annexed by Rumania, was a young married man of 21 when, in the second year of the war, he was conscripted and sent to the Front. At first he wrote home regularly, then all tidings of him ceased, and a little later he was reported as missing. When the war ended his wife began to hope he would return with others who had been held prisoners until then, but she was forced to the bitter conclusion that he was dead.

#### Officially Dead

It was not long before she caught a dangerous illness and died in hospital. She was registered in the hospital's books as the widow of Alexander Zachan who died in the war, and there-with an official seal was set on the soldier's death.

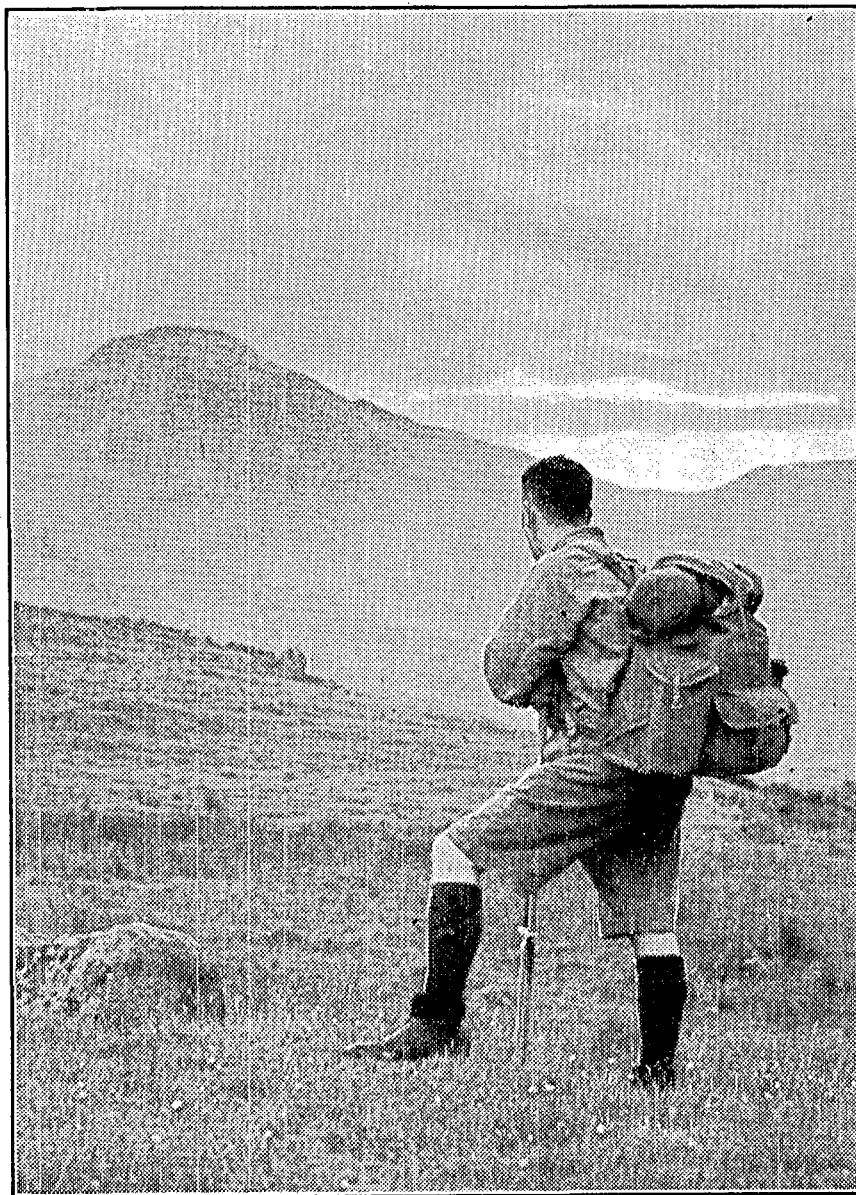
As it turned out, however, he had not died in the war; and a little while ago he returned, after many hardships and vicissitudes, minus one arm, but otherwise unscathed, to find his wife dead and his native place under alien rule. After the first shock and disappointment he bravely set about reshaping his existence, and before long had not only succeeded in making a living but had also found the right woman to preside over his new home.

#### New Troubles

He started hopefully on the preparations for an early marriage, little suspecting the new troubles he was letting himself in for. When he applied for a marriage licence he found that he could not get one because, officially, he was no longer in the land of the living. In vain did he prove, over and over again, that he was identical with the Alexander Zachan who had gone out in 1915, and insist that, as he was there alive, he could not be dead. The law is hard to convince and official action is slow; and before the matter was finished the unfortunate man very nearly turned into truth the erroneous official theory by succumbing to the agitations and anxieties he was subjected to.

Curiously enough, he obtained on his supposed deathbed what he could not obtain while in health—a special licence to marry the lady of his choice. Eventually he recovered, but it was still a considerable time before he could get from the authorities the longed-for official recognition that he was alive. In fact, it required all that the king's horses and all the king's men could do to put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.

### In the Highlands



Luggage In Advance does not appeal to this camper, who carries his tent and all other requirements on his back. Here he is pausing to admire the view on the lower slopes of Ben Nevis, Scotland's highest mountain.

### THE NOISY STREET OPPORTUNITY OF THE TRANSPORT MINISTER

Noise as Well as Speed is Due  
To Selfishness

#### THE SILENT MOTOR-ENGINE

We are all hoping that the new energy Mr Hore-Belisha is infusing into our Ministry of Transport will lead to something being done to banish the tyranny of noise from our streets.

It is one of the scandals of our time that a few selfish people should be allowed to make life insufferable on our highways and in our streets by persistent thoughtlessness for others. It has long been illegal for rattling lorries and noisy cars to be running along our streets, and for motor-cyclists to drive along like pneumatic drills disturbing the peace of hundreds of miles of the countryside; but the police stand by and see these things every day.

#### Illegal and Unnecessary

We have come to accept it as inevitable that a motor-cyclist should go shrieking along, caring nothing so long as he may sit like a braggart calling attention to himself. But it is not inevitable.

We call attention to this once more because it is illegal to ride through the streets disturbing the peace and quiet of the population, and because it is entirely unnecessary to do so if the driver is considerate and the machine is efficient enough to be on the roads. The lorry that goes rattling through the streets because it is not fit to be on the roads or because it is improperly loaded is one matter; the noisy motor-cycle is another matter. One is the result of inefficiency and carelessness, the other is the result of selfishness and vanity.

There are many ways in which motor-cars and aeroplanes can be silenced, but always at the expense of power.

It is this cost of power which causes all racing cars, and all selfish road hogs, to neglect silence.

#### Complete Silence

There are continual complaints by the public about the roar of so-called sports cars on the road. The design of cars almost completely silent is a thing which is sure to come. How it will be done is another matter, but some fascinating work has been recently concluded in which complete silence has been secured by making the exhaust gases go into a half wavelength box, from one end of which they are reflected back again.

Sound is due to a wave motion in the air, the crests and hollows of the waves being at perfectly definite intervals. If the sound wave can be reflected in the box so that it meets the oncoming wave exactly half a wave too soon, the crest of the oncoming wave will be met by the hollow of the reflected wave, and the two will neutralise each other, and the sound be destroyed.

### A BUTTERFLY CROSSES THE ATLANTIC

THE great distances flown by our tiniest birds on their annual migrations are amazing enough, but it is even more surprising that a butterfly can fly 1500 miles without a favouring wind.

This king of butterflies, Monarch by name as well as nature, is a South American, and loves the forests of Brazil. He is bigger and stronger than our Purple Emperor, and travels these long distances in regular migratory flights over the American continent.

But during last year at least thirty of these gorgeous Monarchs were found in England. Odd ones have been seen here in former years, and it was thought that they came on a ship like many another foreigner. All the experts are agreed, however, that this larger invasion is more likely to be due to direct flight over the ocean.

The South-Eastern Society of Entomologists has a big section of the

interested public watching for them, while watchers on lighthouses and lightships give valuable information about the butterflies as well as the birds lured to them by the brilliant lights. It seems likely, therefore, that we shall soon have more exact knowledge of these flights of the Brazilian Monarch.

#### HUMANE BRANDING

The branding of cattle with a hot iron is a cruel business, but the process has been made more humane by the use of a chemical compound.

A cold tool is dipped in the chemical and applied to the animal's hide. The powerful compound painlessly eats away the hair and turns the red skin to white, leaving a permanent identification mark.

The animals, feeling no pain, are far easier to handle and the job is therefore more expeditiously done than with a branding iron.



**SIR HENRY WOOD'S £100****A PRESENT FOR A  
GOOD FUND****London's Fortieth Season of  
Promenade Concerts****49 DELIGHTS**

A greeting even more enthusiastic than usual welcomed Sir Henry Wood when he hastened to the conductor's stand on the opening night of the 40th season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall.

A packed arena of young and old, but all young in heart, cheered Sir Henry for his kindly act in asking the B.B.C. to give the £100 cheque intended for himself to the British Musicians Pension Society. So the less fortunate received the gift in honour of Sir Henry's 40th Queen's Hall anniversary.

**Gift of Lasting Memories**

It can have been no easy task to spend summer after summer in a crowded concert hall in the heart of London to fill a gap which made the metropolis a very dull place indeed for lovers of music last century; but these concerts have done more than wile away the summer evenings for Londoners. They have given to the thousands of visitors who come to London from provincial towns and villages memories to last them through the winter. It is true that wireless has solved the problem of good music for out-of-the-way homes, but even today there is an electric atmosphere about a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert from which few fail to catch an inspiration.

There has ever been variety in the programmes; while great masterpieces are repeated year by year, many a new work has received its first public welcome under the baton of Sir Henry Wood, and there are others this year.

**Vaughan Williams and Delius**

Among other first performances is a new work by Vaughan Williams, who will conduct it himself on September 27 in a programme which is devoted to his works. He and Delius are the only Englishmen to have the honour of a programme consisting only of their works.

On August 30 the three overtures which won prizes in the Daily Telegraph competition this year are to be performed, The Metropolis by Frank Tapp, for the first time by a full orchestra.

Should anyone doubt whether the musical taste of English audiences has risen during this century he has only to compare the Saturday night programmes this season with those of the early Promenades.

There are seven times seven concerts to choose from, and unlucky indeed would be a visitor who came away from any one of them without being the happier for his experience.

**A MILLION SARDINES****And a Band of Stupid  
Fishermen**

A sardine may be a term of reproach for something or some person so small as to be despised, but a million sardines should at least be worthy of consideration, if not respect.

A group of Breton fishermen the other day did not think so, when, angered by the refusal of the buyers to make offers for the whole catch, they behaved like clowns and threw all the sardines into the sea again.

The buyers had offered to buy 690,000 sardines, but the fishermen were intensely annoyed at this proposal. It seems to have been a case of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face, and it also showed that lack of appreciation of Nature's bounty which is unfortunately so widespread today.

**FOUR MONTHS ALONE****IN DARKNESS****THE HEROIC VIGIL OF  
ADMIRAL BYRD****Solitary Observer 123 Miles  
From His Base****HOT SOUP FOR THE RESCUERS**

The bravest of living American explorers has been relieved from his long and lonely vigil.

Readers of the C.N. will recall how Admiral Byrd realised that it was impossible for a group of men to remain at his Antarctic outpost to study natural phenomena in the interests of science. Supplies were only available for one, and he decided to undertake the solitary vigil himself.

His only contact with his staff at the base of the expedition 123 miles away was by wireless, but he had his books and his gramophone to vary his scientific work. He had hoped to stay the course until the Antarctic Spring, but his health weakened, and he asked for a relief party if weather conditions would permit its journey.

**Candles To Light the Way**

Three attempts have been made, and the third succeeded in reaching him. His friends found his spirit as steadfast as ever, though his body was weak.

The rescue party travelled on a tractor on which was a little wooden cabin. Members of the party had to make journeys on skis ahead of the tractor to ensure that they were on the right route, for the flags originally planted were in most cases buried by snow. They threw up piles of snow and set lighted candles on them as guides for the tractor.

**80 Degrees Below Zero**

Ten miles from Byrd's isolated hut they sighted a light on the horizon, and it proved to be a beacon the lonely man had lighted to guide the rescuers. So excited were they that they forgot to continue their wireless messages to the base camp, causing such alarm there that another tractor was prepared to go to the rescue of the rescue party.

In the meantime they reached Byrd's hut, and found him on its roof ready to welcome them. "Hullo, fellows!" he exclaimed. "Come down and get warm; I have some soup for you." They must have needed it after their six hours of strenuous exertion in the bitter cold.

Admiral Byrd explained why he had sent for them. The fumes from his kerosene stove had made him ill. But he had one proud boast: he had experienced what is probably the coldest temperature man has ever endured, 80 degrees below zero.

The base of the expedition is on the Bay of Whales and is called Little America. It may be small in area, but with its gallant little band living in darkness there it has occupied a great place in the admiring hearts of the American people and of the whole world, which will not forget its high example of outstanding courage.

**SHIPS AND BIRDS****Subsidies For Humane  
Ships Only?**

The Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds sees hope of lessening the oil menace to sea-birds in the new shipbuilding subsidy.

This subsidy is being handed out to shipowners building vessels on lines laid down by Parliament. What would be easier than for Parliament to say no oil separators, no subsidy? By insisting that efficient oil-separators are fixed it would ensure a more economical working of the ship and at the same time do away with some of the oil which kills birds.

We very much hope the Board of Trade will listen to this sensible appeal.

**EATING MORE FRUIT****ORANGE RACING THE  
APPLE****New Habit Growing Up Which  
Benefits the Empire****MORE ENGLISH ORCHARDS**

Vegetarian animals are usually supposed to lack the fire and intelligence shown by the meat-eaters, but the fruit-eaters of the world, who in the main are birds, have not acquired that reputation. We are taking a hint from birdland.

English people have been eating less meat and more fruit, and there is little doubt that they have benefited in health for this reason. The widespread teaching of food values and the intense interest shown by youth in healthy pursuits have led to a great increase in the consumption of fruit.

The annual review of fruit supplies published by the Imperial Economic Committee records that last year every man, woman, and child in our islands ate ten pounds more fruit than in 1932, each individual eating 88 pounds of fruit.

**An Excellent Tendency**

In analysing the fruits so eaten it was found that the apple, formerly first on the list, is now second with 24 pounds a head, while the orange has taken first place with 27 pounds. Another surprising thing is that more than three times the number of plums were eaten.

This excellent tendency has been a very good thing for the orchards of the Empire, which last year supplied over 12,000,000 cwts. of fresh fruit, an increase of three per cent. This has not been at the expense of our English orchards, which have increased by 3000 acres to 250,000 acres.

There is no doubt that the public taste for fruit has been encouraged by judicious advertising and by better methods of marketing and display, for fruit has a decided aesthetic value and few can pass a well-arranged fruit shop without a feeling of joyousness. We feel sure that eating more fruit is a habit that has come to stay.

**FLAG DAY LADY****An Idea Worth Millions  
of Money****MRS AGNES MORRISON'S  
LIFEWOR**

A lady who devoted her great organising gift to the service of others has just passed away in Mrs Agnes Morrison.

No one can really measure the extent of the charity which has sprung this century from her great inspiration of flag days, but a modest estimate in money value is £20,000,000.

Mrs Morrison organised the first Flag Day held in this country. This was in Glasgow, a month after the outbreak of the war, when she was responsible for collecting £3800 for families of soldiers and sailors by the sale of Union Jacks in the streets of Glasgow. It was an idea which touched the imagination of everyone, and Mrs Morrison personally organised 400 Flag Days which resulted in the collection of over a million pounds.

Before the idea of the flag day had come to her she had raised funds for the League of Pity by a series of Heather Days. For seven years she was President of the Glasgow branch of the Scottish Children's League of Pity, for child welfare was her keenest interest.

Her great powers of organisation first came to the front during the South African War, when she organised 18 charity matinees on behalf of the Lord Provost of Glasgow Fund.

How Mrs Morrison found time to organise her great national efforts is a wonder, for she had six children and was only 33 when she organised her first charity matinee in 1900.

**1000 MILLIONS****COST OF DROUGHT  
TO U.S.A.****Cattle Dying By Thousands  
For Want of Water****MR ROOSEVELT'S BRAVE WORDS**

We have already described some of the effects of the drought in this small island of ours; but, serious as the drought is for us, our own experience pales before the appalling disaster drought has brought to America.

In the agricultural States of the Middle West is a strip 600 miles wide extending from the Canadian boundary into Texas which has been burned to a frazzle, as our American cousins say. In some places the heat has reached 114 degrees in the shade, splintering the watch-glasses in the pockets of the farmers.

Within human memory no such heat wave has ever assailed America. In these States, to the east of the Rocky Mountains, no rain fell for months, the network of tributaries of the giant River Missouri becoming a series of dry trenches through which cattle wander and from which clouds of dust are swept up by a dry wind.

**One Huge Sun Blister**

The State of Kansas has been described as one huge sun blister, while Montana, the Dakotas, and Wyoming are suffering almost as severely. It has been estimated that 60 per cent of the total area of the United States, with a population of 27,000,000 people, has been affected by this terrible calamity.

Cattle are being hurried to the slaughter-houses, many dying from thirst on the journey. In Nebraska there were over 3,000,000 cattle in April, and it is estimated that two-thirds cannot be kept alive through the winter. The Government has already bought over 2,000,000 to be used as canned meat for food for families in need.

In July as much as £7,000,000 was given by the Federal Government to relieve farmers, a huge sum to spend at the beginning of a period of stress.

**Schemes For Fighting Scarcity**

President Roosevelt has visited this stricken district to see for himself what has happened and to hearten the unhappy people who live there. He declares that the Government is going to make every gallon of water that falls from Heaven count before it gets to the Gulf of Mexico. Already a dam has been projected to hold enough water to submerge a district the size of Wales to a depth of six feet, and this is only one of the new schemes for fighting scarcity.

In the meantime trainloads of water are being carried from existing reservoirs, but the areas affected are so vast that they will be mere drops in a bucket.

It is feared that this heat wave will cost as much as a thousand million pounds.

**THINGS SAID**

Speed is mostly selfishness. Think of others. National Safety First Campaign.

England is still the greatest country in the world. Canadian High Commissioner.

There are 850 words in which we can say anything we are likely to want to say. Mr P. M. Greenwood.

It is a shock to find the Government so capable of a long-term policy for air, and so hesitant of a long-term policy for education. Mr R. D. Denman, M.P.

Aviation gives the League of Nations the technical means of assuring international order at trifling cost. M. Pierre Cot.

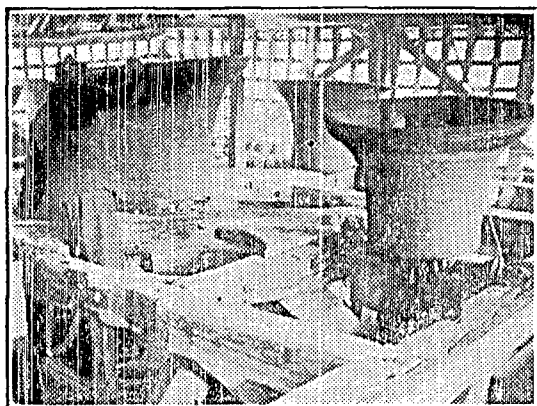
At the back of all Christianity is a short cut of forgiveness which might have solved nearly all our problems. Mr G. K. Chesterton.



# BELLS UPSIDE DOWN · THE KING'S YACHT · ROAD-RAIL LORRY



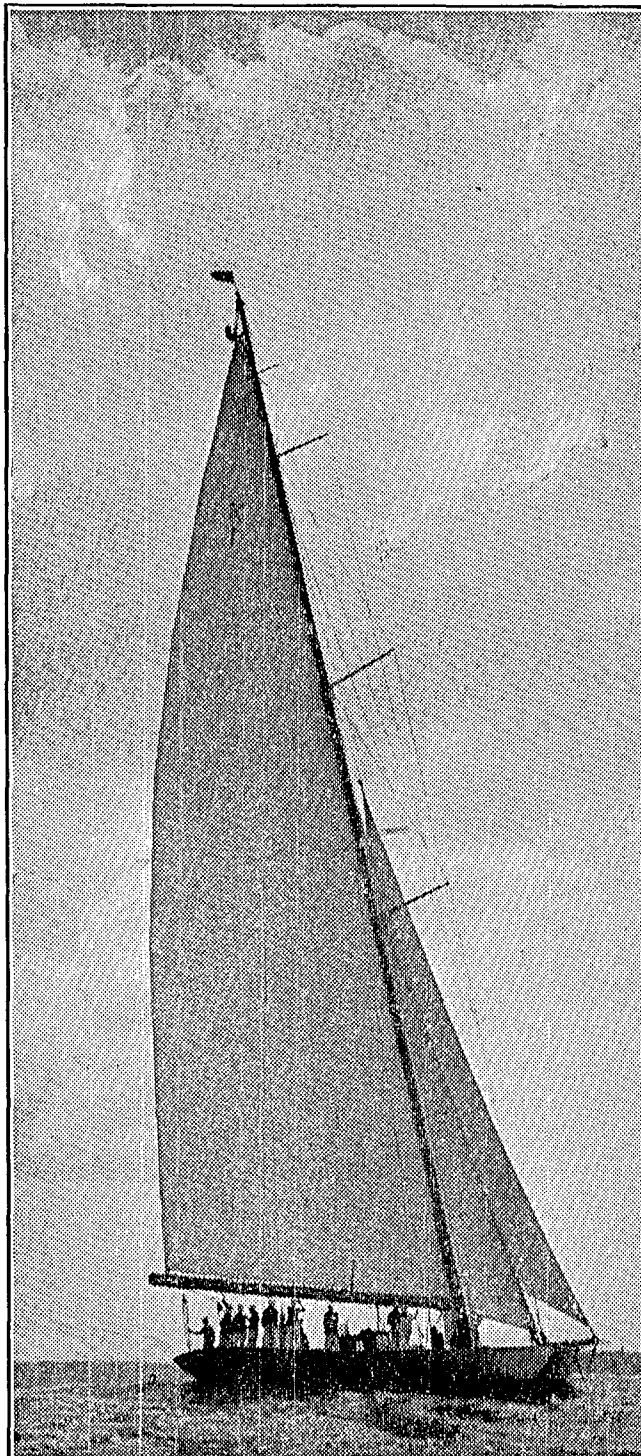
**Holidays in the Park**—A broomstick and two boxes form a hurdle for boys enjoying a holiday in Regent's Park.



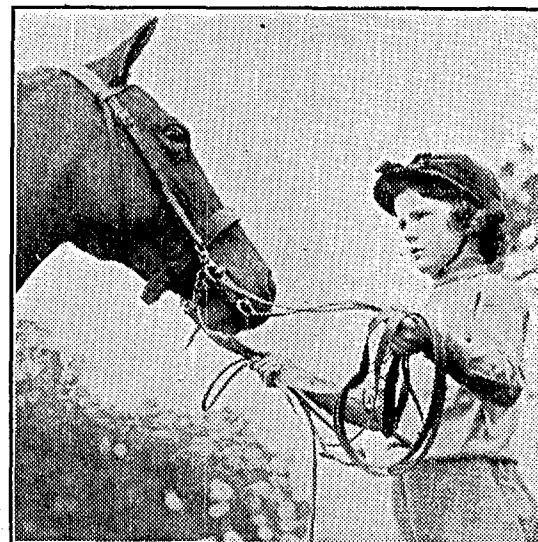
**Upside-Down Bells**—The eight bells of East Bergholt in Suffolk are in a curious wooden cage near the church and are upside down, as shown here.



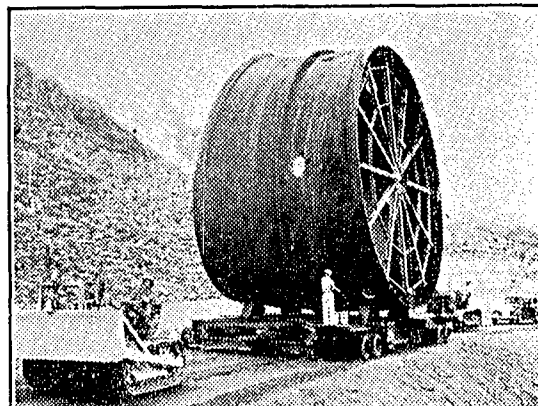
**Railway Lorry**—This new road-rail motor-lorry is now in service on the West Highland section of the L.N.E.R.



**The King's Yacht**—The Britannia is here seen taking part in one of her recent races with a member of her crew at work on the masthead.



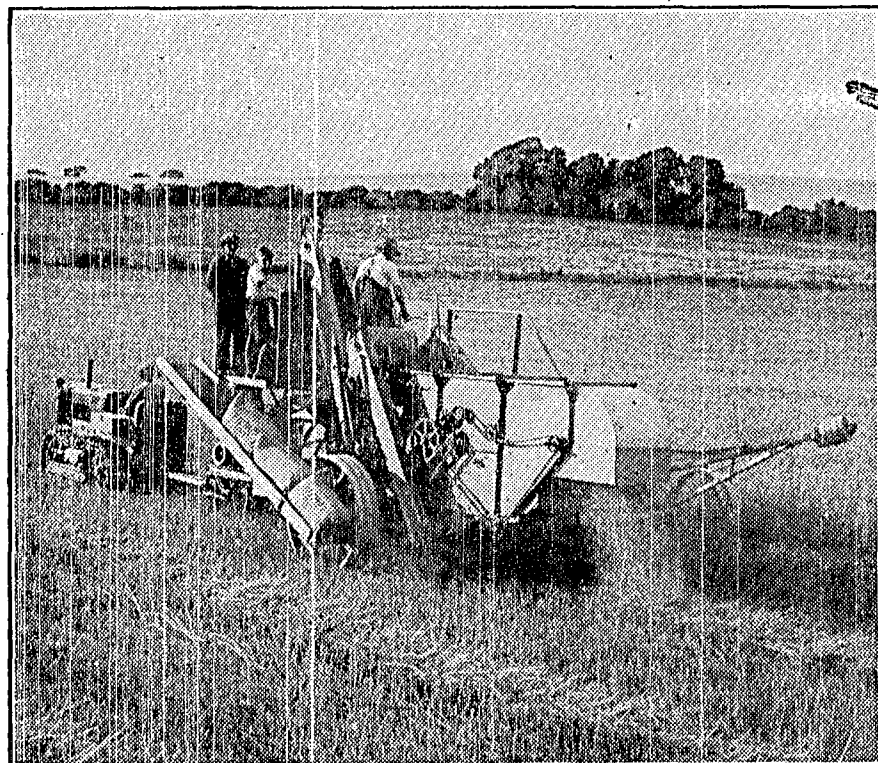
**The Winners**—This little girl and her pony Polly Flinders won first prize in a children's riding contest in Hampshire.



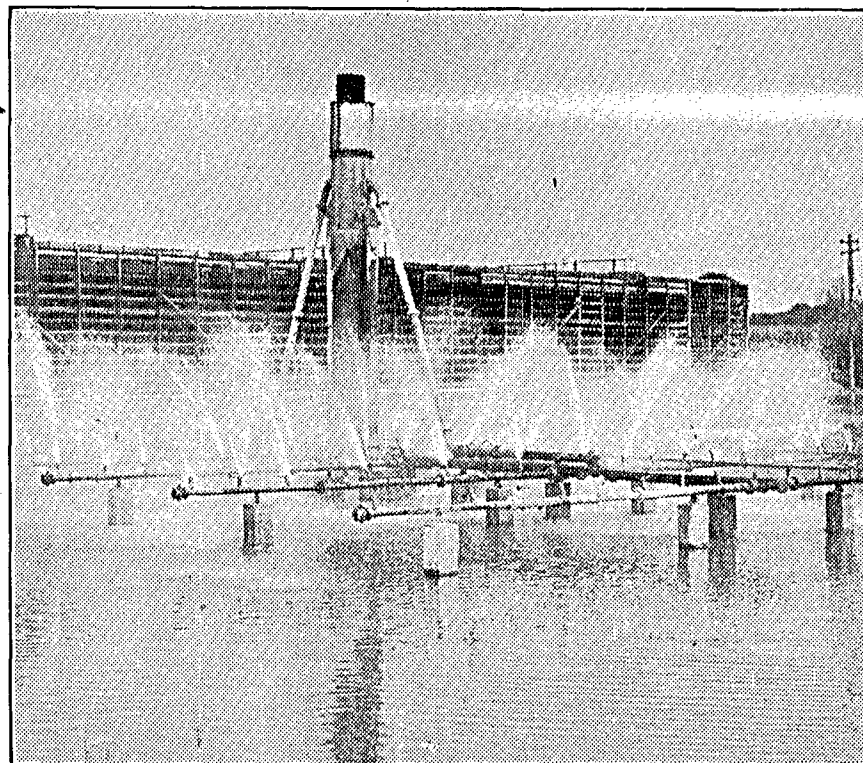
**One-Way Traffic**—The road was only just wide enough for a 30-foot section of pipe for the hydro-electric station at the new Boulder Dam on the Colorado River, U.S.A.



**On the Road**—With pneumatic wheels lowered the new L.N.E.R. vehicle shown on the left takes to the road.



**Mechanical Harvesting**—The big machine that reaps and threshes the corn dwarfs the little tractor that pulls it along. The picture was taken near Cholsey in Berkshire.



**Cooling Showers**—At a sugar-beet factory at Folstead in Essex hot water is sprayed into the air to cool it before it is returned to the River Chelmer.



## WHAT THIS COUNTRY WANTS

### A NATIONAL WATER SUPPLY

After Railways, Transport, and Electricity—Why Not Water?

#### M.P.S PLEASE NOTE

If we have a truly National Government why should we not avail ourselves of the crisis of the Drought to set up a truly national Water Supply?

The first need of man and beast is water, and the first consideration of man in his nomad existence was the spring, pond, or river to supply his daily need.

We were visiting the other day a plateau camp on the Chilterns, a camp with a triple rampart half a mile round, where the ancient British built their wattle huts, of which not a trace remains; and there, in a field in the centre, we came across two ponds fed by springs. Had Nature not placed them where they are man would have chosen some other defensive spur for his village in those far-off days.

#### The Parish Pump Mind

And so it is all over England, all over the world. The parish pump is the most important object in every group of homes.

As villages have grown into towns the well has given place to the reservoir on the hills, and many large towns like Manchester and Liverpool have had to establish their supply miles away in the mountains where rain is plentiful.

It is a frequent failing of mankind not to anticipate scarcity or think there would come a lean year when his beasts would perish and he himself would suffer from thirst. Such a tragedy has, in some measure, fallen on many countries this summer, and the efforts of the far-sighted to remedy it and to take steps that its evils shall not again occur are being thwarted by what is termed the Parish Pump Mind. Strange that this beneficent symbol should give a phrase so derogatory!

#### The Bane of Progress

The Parish Pump Mind indicates that narrow, selfish view which is the bane of the progress civilisation requires today, for it is to be found even in national treasuries and national ministries; it is the bane of smooth government and causes conflicts between authorities of which all plain men suffer the effects.

It should be realised that with a population far more migratory than it was before the coming of railways and motors great services like electricity, transport, and water must be considered nationally and not by parishes. The huge electricity scheme was established in spite of all the parish pump protests of electricity companies, and electric current is linked up all over our land.

Then why cannot water be dealt with on some great national plan? Why should there be full reservoirs in one town while a neighbouring town has wild flowers growing on the bed of its reservoir? It is a ridiculous state of affairs, and it is a disgrace that the Government should have nothing to say except to sanction the spending of trifling sums by local bodies who have to go to great trouble to secure such aid.

#### Armaments and Drought

With the washing of motor-cars and the watering of gardens by hosepipes forbidden in one district while tanks are overflowing in the next, we have an anomalous position which could be remedied if the Government would link up the existing supplies and organise them under a Central Water Board. The suggestion has been made but has been set aside on the ground of expense.

England is not in immediate danger of attack by air, land, or sea; but we are in danger of Drought. Would it not be possible for the money Parliament has sanctioned for increased armaments to be turned into the direction of a good

## THE CYCLIST ON THE ROAD

### TRANSPORT MINISTER ON HIS SAFETY

Should the Cycle Be Allowed on the Country Footpath?

#### AN IDEA FROM ABROAD

We welcome the interest Mr Hore-Belisha is taking in the eight million cyclists who use our roads.

It is impossible to say how many cyclists use their machines to go to and from their work, or how many travel solely for health and pleasure; but there is no doubt that the bicycle is a great factor in giving health and happiness to the youth of this country.

Our older readers will remember what the coming of the cycle meant to dwellers in the towns; it opened up for them delights which were hardly possible before. Its cheapness, its gift of a new sense of freedom, and the invigorating influence of cycling itself, were an enormous asset a generation ago.

#### A Wider Range

Mechanical ingenuity has since made the bicycle a vehicle of much greater utility, its lightness and strength have given it a wider range, while it has become a necessity for the agricultural labourer. Socially its value is probably greater than that of the motor-car, cycle clubs being numbered in thousands.

The last few years have seen a great increase in the number of cyclists on our roads, and the Minister of Transport is wise in drawing attention to the responsibility of other road users for their safety, and of the cyclist's responsibility for the safety of others. He pointed out that nearly one in six of those killed on the roads last year was a cyclist, and that of these over 80 per cent were killed as a result of collision with a car, over a third being under 21.

Mr Hore-Belisha proceeded to emphasise the good advice given to cyclists in the Highway Code: Never ride more than two abreast, and only then on a clear road. He emphasised the fact that the cyclist is often invisible to a following motorist at a bend, even though he has a reflector.

#### A Continental Example

Compared with other countries England has sadly failed in serving the interests of the cyclists. In many places on the Continent they have their own tracks beside the road on which no motorist may trespass. They are allowed to ride on the pedestrian's pathway beside the highways in country districts; and it might be worth considering whether this permission should not be extended to cyclists here for all areas not in the 30 miles-an-hour limit.

The Minister of Transport has declared himself to be a Minister of Public Safety and has asked that no attempt should be made to set one class of road users against another.

The great majority of cyclists do show consideration for other road users, especially in signalling, but there are certain practices in which the clubs in particular should conform to the general custom; they should not ride in clumps, but should obey the rule observed by motor vehicles in leaving gaps into which overtaking vehicles can insert themselves.

And, whatever is done or is not done, all cyclists should have rear lights.

Continued from the previous column

water supply, which is the immediate need of the country? Just one squadron less of aeroplanes would set free the money, and would give the country something it should be ashamed to be without—a properly organised water supply, the primitive need of human civilisation, and the first condition of civilisation.

Is this suggestion beyond the realm of practical politics?

## FIRE-GOD'S SHRINE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

### His Court Discovered

#### THE FOUR ROWS OF GREAT STONES

A link with the civilisation centred in the Mediterranean and Egypt 4000 years ago has been revealed in the Isle of Man at Maughold.

Here Professor H. J. Fleure, of Manchester University, has excavated a great stone monument which has no equal west of Malta. Beside it have been found fragments of pottery which enable its approximate date to be fixed, for they are similar to pottery found at Windmill Hill on Salisbury Plain which was made about 2000 B.C.

Professor Fleure has excavated a paved court and a stepway which leads from it to a very large stone. He has found some monoliths and some holes in which monoliths stood and has established the fact that there were four rows of such standing stones, two leading directly to the large stone.

#### A Pagan Temple

From what is known of other monuments of this character there is little doubt that this large stone was used in ceremonies connected with fire worship. The giant stone was a place of burning.

The whole area is about 110 feet long and 40 feet wide, and here was evidently a pagan temple of some importance.

We know from the literature of the Bible alone what a great part fire worship had in the life of ancient races. Moloch, the Canaanite Fire God, was long the rival of Jehovah in the minds of the Jews. Some of the most tragic fallings from grace in the history of the Israelites were associated with child sacrifice and fire burning which prevailed under King Ahaz and King Manasseh.

Can it be that there was worshipped in this island a God of Fire whose priests came by ship from the distant Mediterranean?

## 14-YEAR-OLD COMES IN Insurance For Our Youngest Workers

### SAVING 2d A WEEK TOWARD A RAINY DAY

Next Monday week is the day on which all boys and girls between 14 and 16 will join the ranks of the workers insured against unemployment.

The Minister of Labour has instructed all now employed to go to their local Juvenile Employment Bureaus for their registration books, or, in places where there is no Bureau, to the nearest Employment Exchange. Every employer will pay fourpence a week to the Insurance Fund for each young person, deducting twopence from his wages.

As yet the Act bringing these young workers into insurance does not apply to any engaged in agriculture or in domestic service, or to apprentices receiving no pay.

So ends a grievance which has caused much heart-burning to many an eager boy over 16 who has seen posts filled by a younger boy merely because employers have been unwilling to subscribe to their insurance.

#### WITH HIS BROTHERS

The great French soldier Marshal Lyautey, one of the rarest characters France ever sent out as a colonial administrator, has been laid to rest on the outskirts of Rabat in Morocco, among the ruins of a village and by the 12th-century Tower of Hassan. This is the epitaph they have given him, chosen by himself:

To the memory of Marshal Lyautey, who was born a Christian and lived a Christian, but wished to lie in Arab ground beside his Moslem brothers.

## C.N. MAP THIS WEEK

### CURIOSITIES OF THE PLANT KINGDOM

The Wonderful Tree That Has Hundreds of Trunks

#### GIANTS AND DWARFS

The Plant World is full of surprises; this week the C.N. Picture Map shows many examples all over the world.

For instance, did you know of a grass which grows sometimes to 100 feet? The bamboo of the Far East is a variety of grass, and very useful it is to the people of the lands where it grows. The Dyaks of Borneo not only build their houses with bamboo but furnish them as well, even making cooking vessels from the long stems. The giant bamboo is often a yard round at the base, so it is possible to make a very large cooking-pot. The bamboo provides the Chinese with a succulent dish, the tender young shoots being cooked and eaten like asparagus.

#### The Majestic Sequoias

While considering giants, think of the majestic sequoia trees of California, specimens of which have been known to be 400 feet tall and of immense girth. In one district of California were two sequoias with hollow trunks so huge that an Irishman made his home in one of them and in the other a farmer stabled his horses. Some of these giants are known to be 2500 years old, and one that had fallen was shown by its rings to be 4000 years old! They were called sequoias after the Cherokee Sequoya, who gave his people an alphabet.

The sequoias are giants indeed when compared with the fully-grown birch and willow trees of Greenland, which seldom reach even three feet.

#### The Amazing Banyan

Surely one of the most amazing trees is the banyan of India. It is a relation of the common fig tree which grows in England, and it produces tiny figs, about the size of cherries, which grow in pairs. From the branches of the tree grow hanging roots which in time enter the ground, take root, and develop into thick stems. With these sturdy supports the branches continue to grow outward from the main trunk; and some banyans cover an enormous area and are capable of giving shelter to eight to ten thousand people. Such specimens may have 350 stems as thick as an oak and 2000 or more stems of lesser girth. Sometimes the main trunk will decay, but the root stems will continue to support the tree.

The traveller's tree of Madagascar holds water in cup-like sheaths where the big leafstalks join the trunk, and as much as a pint of water may be drawn off from each by cutting the sheath at the base. The natives use the stalks for building walls and partitions and the leaves for thatching their huts.

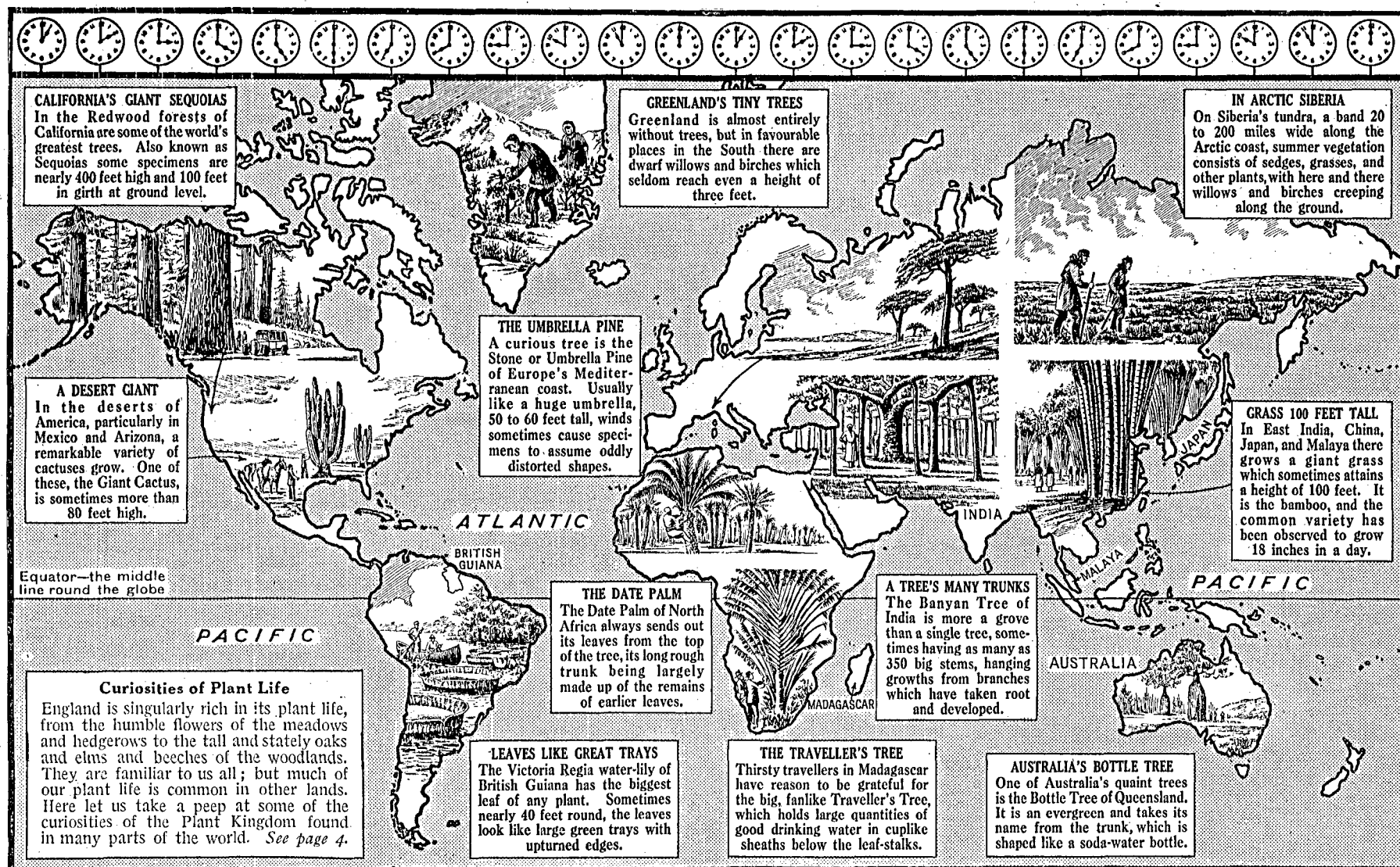
#### The Bottle Tree and the Cactus

The natives of Queensland obtain food and sometimes drink from the curious bottle tree which takes its name from the shape of its trunk, which is like a soda-water bottle. Sometimes 30 or 40 feet round, the trunk is soft and porous. By squeezing it the natives obtain a sweet, gummy substance which they relish as a food, and a watery sap which they will drink if water is not available. The trunk also yields a fibre from which nets are made.

Another plant which stores vast quantities of water lives in the American deserts. It is the cactus; and as it has no leaves and so very little surface through which evaporation can take place the plant is able to conserve the water, which its extensive roots seize upon on the rare occasions when rain falls. There are many weird and grotesque forms of cactus; some of the giant variety may be a thousand years old.



## C.N. PICTURE-MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING CURIOSITIES OF PLANT LIFE



### GETTING TOGETHER

#### Russia Buying Our Herrings

### BIG COOPERATIVE SCHEME

We are glad to record a big sale of British herrings to Russia, the country which before the war bought enormous quantities of the fish.

The contract has been made between the Cooperative Wholesale Society of Manchester and the central office of the Russian cooperators.

The herrings will be shipped from Scottish ports in British ships in September or October. The order was placed some time ago, but as our herring season is in June and delivery was not wanted until September the fishermen were faced with financial difficulty. The necessary backing has now been secured, the Cooperative Wholesale Society financing the Russian purchase.

Of course, Russia will pay us, not in money (for Russian money is useless to us) but in goods.

When we buy those goods we shall be serving the British fishermen.

### SEEING THE BISHOP

The committee of the Christian Approach to the Jews appointed Dr Conrad Hoffmann, an American, to organise the relief for the Jews who have been obliged to leave Germany as a result of the Nazi policy.

While he has succeeded in creating great sympathy for these unfortunate people in America and in other countries, he finds the task of converting the German Church as a whole almost impossible.

When Dr Hoffmann paid a visit to a bishop of the new German Church at headquarters, we are told, he was given the Hitler salute everywhere. Two soldiers called on him to sign a form, and a third man took him to the bishop. The interview over, the bishop signed the form which had been filled in, and this was handed to the porter so that a careful record could be kept.

### NELSON'S HARDY

#### His Daughter's Gallant Daughter

There has just gone from our midst a gracious lady who was granddaughter to Nelson's Hardy, and could remember the time when a sedan chair was in use at Hampton Court Palace.

Mrs John Thynne was 86 when she died. Her mother was the youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy.

Her husband had an administrative post in Westminster Abbey, and she lived for years in the Cloisters, a happy situation for one who loved things that are old and beautiful.

But (and it is a big but) she was not one of those people who speak of the good old days. She was a fighter for the good new days. Always she was a worker in the cause of social service, and it was she who, with Princess Christian, founded the St Helena's Convalescent Home for Mothers and Babies at Cricklewood.

Not only her own great-grandchildren but other people's also mourn the passing of a sweet and gallant spirit.

### A PIPE OF FRESH WATER

A pipe line has recently been laid down on the sea-bed of Auckland Harbour, New Zealand, to carry the water supply of the city of Auckland to the borough of Birkenhead, two miles away on the opposite side of the harbour.

Auckland Harbour is one of the finest in the Empire, and is visited by a constant stream of liners. Like the English Mersey estuary, it has its Birkenhead on the opposite shore to the main city, and now there is a stream of fresh water flowing in a big pipe under the salt water of the harbour.

**If You Want Peace,  
Stop War Supplies**

### HOW TRADE IS RUINED

#### Making Poor Customers

How can trade flourish or ships find cargoes when each country shuts out imports? Here is the latest instance.

Italy has given notice to Australia that in future her imports of Australian wool will be reduced by half.

It is explained that the reduction is made to equalise the trade balance between Italy and Australia, which is heavily against Italy.

Italy took 200,000 bales of wool from Australia last season, and at the average price of £20 per bale this trade represents £4,000,000.

The old conditions of trade have been gradually cancelled, and now each country is engaged in endeavouring to preserve its currency by equalising trade exchanges with each other country.

Germany has greatly cut off imports for the same reason, buying from abroad less food and less raw material.

If we wish to understand all this, let us reflect that a shopkeeper cannot sell to impoverished customers. Each country made poor by war is a loss to every other country, because she becomes a poor customer.

### A STATUE LOST AND FOUND

#### Peter the Great in the Sea

Before the war the town of Riga had a statue of Peter the Great.

On the approach of the German troops in 1915 the statue was taken down from its pedestal and placed on an English boat going to the Russian capital.

Unfortunately this vessel was wrecked near the Island of Worms and nothing more was heard of it, but the Estonians have made a search and the bronze statue of the Tsar was found standing up at the bottom of the sea in the attitude of waiting for someone to bring it to the surface of the waters.

After prolonged efforts the statue has been retrieved and is now back in Riga.

### A SHRINKING WORLD

#### From Nottingham Across the Earth in 17 Days

Photographs of incidents in the first test match which finished at Nottingham on June 12 were published in a newspaper at Auckland, New Zealand, 13,000 miles away, on June 30.

These photographs had been sent from England to New Zealand by the fastest air and sea routes possible, travelling halfway round the world in a week less time than would be taken by the regular mail service—from Nottingham to Auckland in 17 days!

We may see by glancing at the C.N. World Map the route those photographs were carried over—from England in the centre of the map over India and Australia to New Zealand in the right-hand bottom corner.

### FROM NEW ZEALAND TO CHINA

Several hundred young dairy cows have been shipped from Wellington in New Zealand to Shanghai in China to provide a herd for the Shanghai International Settlement.

New Zealand is sometimes referred to as the Empire's Dairy Farm because it produces so much of the butter and cheese imported into England. It is something new for the Dominion to provide cows for the dairies of China.

### AIR SERVICE TO CANADA

Imperial Airways have invited tenders for a number of flying-boats to fit out a Transatlantic Air Service to Canada.

Twenty boats are mentioned, each to carry 30 passengers and upwards.

The route would vary with season, and might be either south via the Bermudas or north via Greenland.

It should not be forgotten that subsidy encourages such enterprises.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 25 1934

## England Will Be Short of Young People

CAN a nation grow old? The answer is Yes, if the nation does not renew its life in its children. A poet has written:

Renew or Die! renew the age-long flame,  
Or know that pride of race and crown of worth  
Shall pass and leave the shadow of a name  
To speak of our inheritance on Earth.

There is no doubt about the ageing of our own country.

Of children not over 15, at the present time, we have nearly eleven millions, while of old people over 65 we have just over three millions. That is to say, we have about three times as many children as old people.

So greatly has the supply of new lives fallen off, however, that in 25 years the number of children in our country will be less than six millions and the number of old people will have risen to over five.

In about thirty years from now, by the same reckoning, the number of children will be actually less than the number of the old!

The general ageing of a country is a serious thing, for it threatens the vitality and enterprise of the nation as a whole.

Life is becoming increasingly precious, but we see little sign of any realisation of the fact. Lives, and especially young lives, are wantonly thrown away. Children are increasingly exposed to undue risks. Every hour sees the loss of young lives sadly needed not alone by their friends but by their country.

Thus also it is with the training of young lives. The hope and embodiment of the future, the inheritor of all human achievement and culture, the keeper of the age-long flame, is the child. Yet we economise in education.

Unlike the individual, a nation, by taking thought, can add cubits to its stature. War upon a real or fancied enemy can only destroy at the peril of one's own destruction, but the cherishing of one's own kind can win a timeless victory, exalting all mankind by virtue of example.

Many and strange consequences must follow upon the decrease of the young. Plans for water supply and town extension will be found excessive. *We shall probably have too many houses.*

But the most signal result will be the general effect on national character. A nation is the sum of its people, and when there come to be more old than young the fact will make itself felt in a restriction of enterprise unless a superior culture and physical training cause the attributes of youth to be prolonged. For that reason also it becomes increasingly necessary to educate in the fullest sense of the word.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

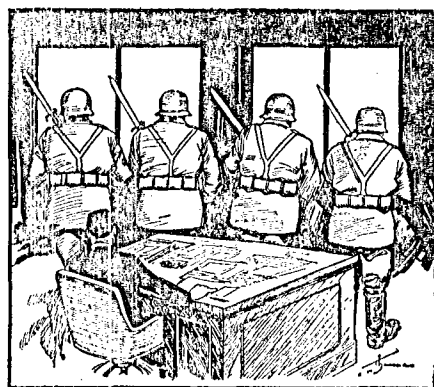


## Three Toots

THE Church of the Latter Day Saints in America is trying to do something to lessen the terrible toll of the roads. It has opened a Three-Toots Campaign which bids fair to be useful.

The plan is to secure a wide membership of motorists who know the rules of the road. When a member sees a fellow motorist breaking the rules he simply gives three toots to recall the culprit to his senses.

This should prove a great improvement over the language usually used on such occasions. Latter Day Saints indeed!



The Dictator at his desk

## The Clever Deaf

WHICH is the worst affliction, deafness or blindness? people sometimes ask.

The C.N. is prompted to reply, "Neither; the worst affliction is stupidity."

That reply is prompted by a speech made by Mayor La Guardia in New York the other day. He was addressing (through a translator who talked with his hands) a congress of 2000 deaf mutes. They were bright, happy, and responsive.

The Mayor said:

"I am very glad to find an audience which can understand though it cannot hear. I spend most of my time addressing people who can hear but cannot understand."

## Laughing and Loving

THERE has died near Munich, at 79, a German writer named Ernst von Wolzogen, who wrote many successful novels without becoming much known outside Germany.

But he said one thing which crept into many countries, and found special favour in the land of Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Dickens and Lewis Carroll. It was Von Wolzogen who said:

*Men and things that you cannot laugh at you cannot love.*

Let not kindness and truth forsake thee;  
Bind them about thy neck,  
Write them upon the tablet of thy heart.

Then shalt thou find favour and good esteem  
In the sight of God and man.

## Peace or War?

MANY people would be interested to see the suggestion that the Ancient Order of Foresters should change the title of its War Benevolent Fund and call it the Peace Benevolent Fund.

Many people also would be surprised to see that anyone could scorn the suggestion as a slur on the memory of those who died for us.

It seems to us a very sad idea that we must keep the memory of those who died for Peace by continuing for ever to talk of War.

## Tip-Cat

MANY salmon have disappeared from a famous stream. There is something fishy in it.

EVERYBODY writes poetry today. But fortunately nobody need read it.

THERE is much we can learn from Ireland. Yet it is very green.

SOME people hate to go to be photographed. And won't be taken.

THERE is no life so free as a bird's, declares a naturalist. Yet they all have their bills.

A FAMOUS parachutist has retired. Though he was never one to drop back.

CYCLES are now all the go. And cyclists go with them.

A WELL-KNOWN councillor says he can get in anywhere in his own town on his face. That must save his boot leather.

SCOTSMEN really are thrifty, says a writer. By all accounts.

ALTHOUGH fashion writers say flowers in hats are fashionable again few girls pick them.

A GOOD waiter always asks if everything is all right. If not, he wants you to give him the tip.

AN artist says he can't run to a holiday in Italy. But he can go by boat.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OF over 300 Borstal boys only 70 have failed to become good citizens.

MR STANLEY WILLS has given £10,000 for Bath's new hospital.

A BRISTOL citizen, Mr Edward Robinson, has cleared a slum acre to celebrate his golden wedding.

JAPAN has spoken to England for the first time by telephone.

## JUST AN IDEA

*Is there anything in this world worth striving for or longing for if there is nobody to share it with?*

## Now is the Time

By Our Country Girl

Now is the time for singing,  
Now when the skies are black,  
Now when the swords are ringing,  
Now while the weak cry, Back!

Now while the limbs are aching,  
Now while the way seems long,  
Now while the heart is aching,  
Now is the time for song.

OTHERS will sing tomorrow  
After the cause is won,  
Tongues from the bells will borrow,  
Praising the battles done.

THEN, as our ranks go swinging  
Over the scattered flowers,  
Others shall do their singing:  
Now is the time for ours.

## Speed and the Blow

THE main trouble about the motor-car is that it is so often handled by people innocent of scientific training, people as dangerous to themselves and others as a boy handling an automatic pistol.

The first law of motion is unknown even by name to most motorists, and few realise that it is *speed that makes a blow*. However heavy a vehicle it merely pushes when moving slowly. However light a vehicle it can give a terrible blow when speeded.

As an American expert points out, when the speed of a car is doubled its momentum is increased fourfold.

*It will take four times longer to stop it, and it will be four times harder to stop.*

If it hits anything, it will strike with four times the impact.

*At 40 miles it will do the potential damage of a car driven off a four-storey building.*

Add 20 miles more and the car becomes a juggernaut which strikes a blow nine times greater than if it were travelling 20, and requires nine times the space and time to bring it to a halt.

Would it not be well for our energetic Minister of Transport to order that no licence should be issued to a person unable to pass an examination in the elements of motion?

## On Learning To Swim

O joyful feeling of exuberance  
When with the crested waves you dance and dance,  
And to their father Neptune raise a hymn  
Of gladness! You can swim!

When with light poise your body,  
lithe and strong,  
Darts through the water, with a gladsome song  
You praise the trusty belt which helped you skim  
The ocean; you can swim!

Cast off, unwanted now, you need not keep  
The belt, which mastered for you all the deep.  
You leave this friend upon the ocean's rim.  
How gorgeous! You can swim.



## HERE HE IS WHERE HE LONGED TO BE LIVINGSTONE LOOKS OUT The Fine Statue By the Great Victoria Falls ALONE WITH THE THUNDER OF THE WATERS

The armchair travellers of the Wireless Age have had a wonderful experience.

They went to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi to take part in the unveiling of a statue of Livingstone, and so that they should not be allowed to forget that God moves in a mysterious way they heard Old Hundredth sung to the accompaniment of the Devil's Cataract. They heard speeches made. Their ears helped their eyes to see the speakers in the mist of foam-and to see that huge figure over their heads.

### The Originator of the Scheme

In all the triumphs of mixed noises and the armchair travelling to which we are growing accustomed few can seem greater than this.

The unveiling of this monument marks the end of activities started seven years ago by Mr William Lowe. He was then chief of the Federation of Caledonian Societies of South Africa and it occurred to him that something ought to be done to keep in everlasting remembrance the name and figure of Livingstone. He suggested the monster statue at the Falls. He journeyed, pleaded, and made arrangements; Mr Reid Dick, the sculptor, undertook the work, but the originator of the scheme was not destined to live to see it fulfilled. He went himself across the dark river and those of his friends who still stand on the nearer shore were thinking of him when they saw his labours brought to an end.

### A Great Sight

It seemed right that Mr Unwin Moffat, who was once Premier of Southern Rhodesia and is a nephew of Livingstone, should unveil the statue. As he stood he looked on hundreds of people who had come by special train from South Africa, from Southern Rhodesia, by aeroplane and motor, to see the great sight. Never had such a crowd been assembled at a place which will always be one of the world's grandest and loneliest spots.

No more suitable site could be found. The statue stands on a great granite pedestal and faces the Devil's Cataract at the southern end of the mighty Falls.

### A World Figure

It was the discovery of the Victoria Falls that established Livingstone's reputation. He had already notable achievements to his name, such as his crossing of the Kalahari Desert and his discovery of Lake Ngami, but the finding of the Falls made him a world figure. From now on he devoted himself to the twofold task of fighting the slave trade and opening up in the heart of Africa a road for commerce and Christianity. It is almost true to say that the moment he looked upon the Falls he turned his back on South Africa and followed the lure of the primeval forest into the heart of the mighty continent. It is appropriate, therefore, that the statue should represent him with his back to the south and his eyes turned to the dense forest on the northern side of the river.

The layout of the memorial is in the form of a great Celtic cross, with a rough undressed granite block in the centre of the cross, the impression being conveyed that the block has been forced out of the solid rock. On this pedestal the statue has been erected.

Individuals and business firms have vied with one another in giving gratuitous service for it. The granite pedestal, which weighs nearly forty tons, was placed in position by machinery lent by Messrs Dorman Long, free of charge; the statue itself was conveyed

## THE OLDEST WOMAN OF CHINA

AMONG the world's prehistoric skulls the one found in China, and at first named the Peking Man, has now been admitted to one of the oldest places.

It ranks almost next to the famous skull found in Java 40 years ago, named the Pithecanthropus, or Ape-Man, by Dr Dubois, and may be older than our own Piltdown skull. Like both of these skulls, however, it was much criticised when first discovered, and by some authorities declared not to be a human skull at all.

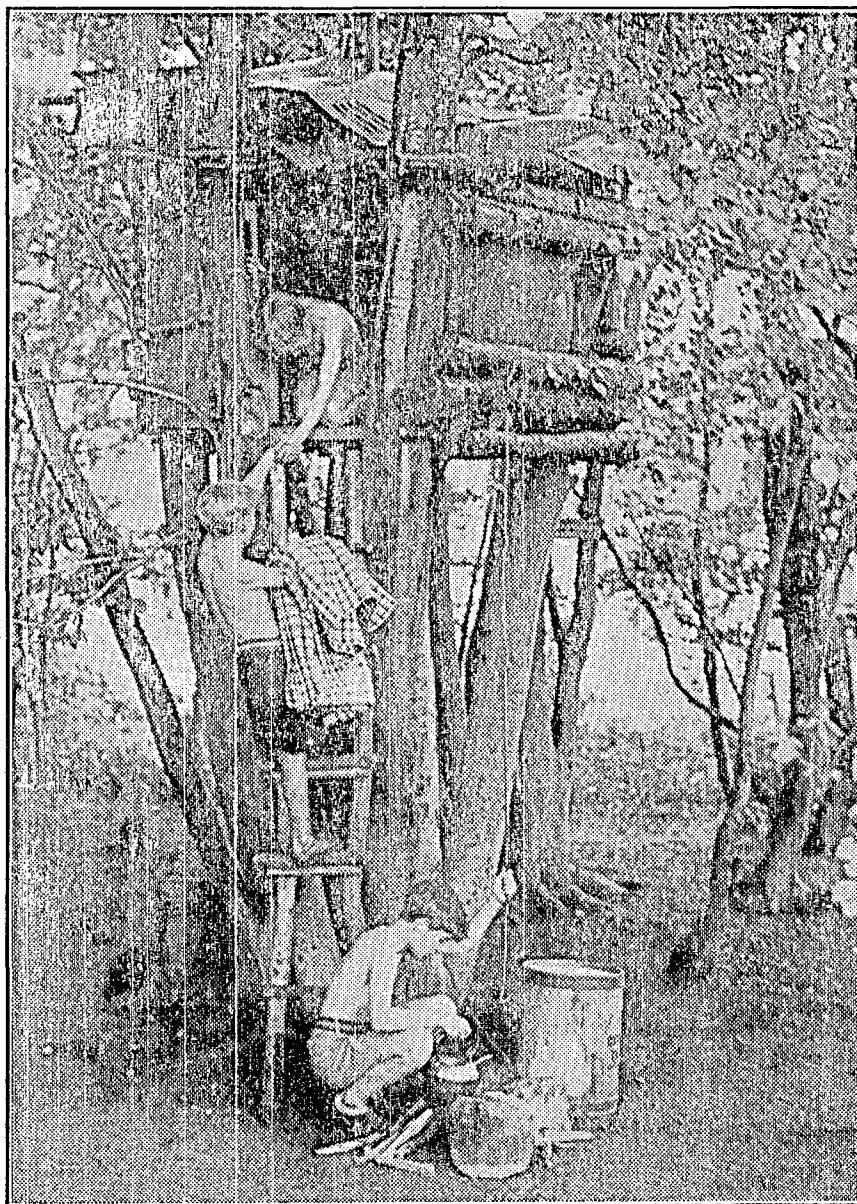
Dr Gunnar Andersen, the famous Swedish naturalist, who succeeded in establishing its identity with the human race, has written a full account of its discovery and all the doubts concerning

it. He is one of the most genial of scientists, and he tells with great good humour of a day at Peking when he met some of his critics over a hospitable dinner-table.

The chief criticism aimed at the skull was that its teeth might be those of a carnivorous or flesh-eating animal, and not of a human being. Joking remarks flew across the table, and the celebrated French biologist Gaumier leaned over to his Swedish friend and said: "Well, Andersen, how is the skull getting on? Is it a man or a carnivore?"

To that Andersen replied: "Well, the fact is, it is half-way between. It is a woman." And that is the last word about the Peking skull.

## A HOME IN A TREE



These three boys, the sons of Mr G. K. Thompson, are living and sleeping in a little hut built in a tree in their father's garden near Chalfont St Peter in Buckinghamshire.

Continued from the previous column

free from London to Beira by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company, and was taken from Beira to the Falls by the Rhodesia Railways, who laid a line a mile long from the main line to ensure the statue safe transport.

Visitors to the Royal Academy will remember that a plaster cast of the statue dominated the sculpture room. Mr Dick caught something of the rugged strength and indomitable spirit of the great explorer. It has even been claimed to be the most satisfying statue of Livingstone in existence.

The most pedantic of Livingstone authorities have been able to find only two points of criticism. One is the puttee-effect given to his trousers by representing them as laced in the fashion of a Suffolk farm labourer; the other is the veil hanging from the back of his peaked cap. Stanley always wore this, but it is doubtful if Livingstone did

so, and there is strong probability that he did not. He is known to have disliked such things, and he says in his Journals that he did not believe in covering the neck.

But we may let small things go in the presence of this vigorous image of a great man. The monster statue, cast in bronze, overlooks the place where the Zambesi crashes through the gorge, throwing up "the smoke that thunders" as it falls. It is placed as near as can be to the spot where Livingstone stood in awe and triumph and thankfulness to God, the first white man to look on that immense and terrifying spectacle. He stands undauntedly looking out over the mists of time and place; for the lamp in the soul that lighted his life there is the African sun piercing the foam which rises about the mighty shoulders. He is alone in the eternal thunder that sets him apart from the little ways and sounds of men.

## WHAT A WOMAN HAS DONE IN THE STEPS OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

### A Nursing Campaign Among Babies Doomed To Die

### REMARKABLE STORY FROM SINGAPORE

Seven years ago, when Miss I. M. Simmons went out to Singapore as head of a nursing mission, more than one in every four babies was doomed to die before it was a year old.

Conditions of hygiene, supported by tradition and superstition, were so appallingly bad that the situation would have looked hopeless to a less intrepid spirit. But Sister Simmons went to work with a will, patiently, with a plan; and little by little she is making things better. She now saves one third of the once doomed little ones every year.

### Hiding the Children

The area she works in covers 200 square miles and is inhabited by a scattered population of some dozen peoples, including Malays, Javanese, Chinese, Tamils, Bengalis, Arabs, and Sikhs.

The Chinese and Tamils, Miss Simmons found, lived mostly in low wooden huts without windows. On the earth floors pigs, chickens, goats, puppies, kittens, and babies all scrambled about in lively confusion and fought over the food set down.

The infants were rarely, if ever, washed, and were usually covered with sores, had inflamed eyes and every known digestive disorder.

But the parents were used to this way of life. They saw no reason for a white woman to come meddling and bidding them change. When they saw her coming they would hide their children under the bed-covers and set the dog on her.

### A Travelling Clinic

Miss Simmons went resolutely to work.

She found a Chinese interpreter who could speak most of the multitudinous dialects. Then she secured the addresses of newly-registered infants from the local police stations. So far, so good. But the huts had no numbers, and a road was sometimes 18 miles long! However, she looked till she found them and then gave the mothers a demonstration of how to bath and feed baby.

She divided her territory into five districts and made a weekly tour of each district, so that the mothers knew what day to expect her. She turned her car into a sort of travelling clinic, and the women, who had come to trust her, would line up under a tree by the roadside to show her how well the sores on their babies' heads were healing and to ask for more salve.

Miss Simmons got on so well that soon two more sisters were brought out from England, and they began training native helpers. More than a hundred of these women are now qualified. Each has her basket of clean, sterilised materials ready to care for the new-born.

### Baby-Welfare Stations

Seven baby-welfare stations have been established, each with two native health-workers in residence. A doctor comes on certain days to these stations and advises the patients about their own and their children's health. All dirty children are given a bath, and it is becoming more and more rare to see unwashed infants. The visits to these centres now number about 35,000 a year, and nearly twice as many home visits are made by the workers.

The infant death-rate, which stood at 262 a thousand in 1927, has now fallen to 172. Another seven years and we expect this figure to be cut in half.



## HEALTH MINISTER CALLING

### A TALK ABOUT US

#### The New Houses Taking the Place of the Slums

#### TOWNS ON THE BLACK LIST

The Government Department which is most deeply concerned with the lives of all of us is the Ministry of Health.

It supervises and links up the work of all local government authorities except in the case of education, police, and a few other branches of administration. Its responsibility covers public health, housing, poor law, health insurance, and pensions, each a vast province in itself.

Each year the Ministry of Health issues a Report of its activities, and the 15th Report has just been issued in 400 pages filled with statistics and observations. From it we can gather the policy of the Government in dealing with the besetting problems of our age.

There is, for instance, the important question of overcrowding. The Report tells us what has been done in the last year or two and what steps it is taking for the future. We read that in 1932 the local authorities inspected one and a half million houses and that 559,000 were made fit for habitation.

#### Private Building Enterprise

There was a fear, when the Government subsidy for working-class houses was withdrawn, that there would be a considerable drop in the supply of new houses, but during the 12 months ending last March the record number of 207,869 houses were built by private enterprise.

The Report stresses the principle that slums and overcrowding should no longer be tolerated, and points out that not only must overcrowding in a particular area be abated, but steps must be taken to ensure that it shall not occur in areas at present free from it.

The Report definitely asserts that the provision of cottages on the outskirts of a congested city can be no adequate remedy; flats in central areas will have to be the solution. Subsidies from the Exchequer will be made available for local authorities who solve their problem in this way. A Committee is to report the best designs for such flats.

#### Relief of the Poor

In the section of the Report which deals with relief of the poor there are some disappointing paragraphs. There are seven County Councils and nineteen County Borough Councils which fail to insist on performance of work or of useful training or instruction as a condition of outdoor relief to the able-bodied, while three have actually discontinued such arrangements. The Minister rightly comments that their action is regrettable, as they are depriving the men relieved of the means of maintaining their capacity at a time when brightening trade offers prospects of employment for the fittest.

We are surprised to see Liverpool, Newcastle, Nottingham, and Sheffield in this black list.

Outdoor relief in England and Wales cost £16,800,000 last year, a million more than during the previous year.

#### SOMETHING GOOD FOR NOTHING

The somethings we get for nothing are too often worth nothing, but not so the Painting Book which Nestlé's are prepared to send to anyone who asks for it.

It is a charming little book about the nursery for the nursery, with five beautiful colour pictures to copy and a few hints for the young artists, and even a rhyme for them to learn when the picture is done.

Anyone who has a youthful artist in the family has only to write for this book to Nestlé's, 6, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

## TRYING AGAIN

### The Biggest Mirror Scrapped

#### BUT ANOTHER TO BE MADE

Our readers will remember the story of the pouring into a mould of the 17 tons of glass which were to form the mirror of the 200-inch telescope for the Mount Wilson Observatory of the California Institute of Technology.

It will be recalled that some of the cores of the mould broke away from it and got mixed up in the liquid glass. There was a slight hope that this accident would not affect the mirror, but now that it has cooled down, a process which has slowly gone on for months, it is realised that the mirror will not serve its purpose.

"Try again" is a motto characteristic of America, so another 17 tons of glass are to be poured into a mould which has already been made with materials resisting the fierce heat which caused the previous disaster.

Mount Wilson must now wait a little longer for its master telescope, but it is not despairing because man has once more faced a failure in a mighty and carefully planned enterprise.

## MAKE YOUR COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

### Glossop School is Doing It

When you think of the little town of Glossop, in Derbyshire, you think of frowning hills keeping watch over a deep valley, and the grim Snake Pass, on whose surrounding moors a lost man may wander for weeks and die unfound.

But through its young generations Glossop is coming to be well acquainted with Nature in her softer moods, for the West Central School there has turned an acre of barren bogland into a garden.

The work in it is a definite part of the children's education. They have made the sunken garden with a pond and fountain and well-planned rockeries. They have 3000 varieties of plants, and it is their pride to know all the Latin names as well as the English ones.

All Glossop gardens already have begun to reap the benefit of this enterprising spirit. They exhibit a floweriness unusual in open moorland districts, and the plants have in many cases come direct from the School Garden. Unusual shrubs, trees, and flowers are met with on every side, and the whole community is the richer for this band of capable little gardeners.

## HALF A MILE UNDER THE SEA

### Dr Beebe's Amazing Experience

Dr William Beebe has been thrilling everyone with his descriptions of life in a dark world which only he and one other man have seen. He has descended over 2500 feet into the sea off Bermuda.

Cramped in a steel ball two tons in weight fitted with thick windows of quartz, he has watched the weird phosphorescent fishes which live in large numbers in perennial darkness. His companion, Mr Otis Barton, took film pictures while Dr Beebe telephoned a description of what he saw to a friend on the barge from which his strange sphere was lowered.

Every 100 feet the sphere was halted for a while, and at a depth of 2500 feet the sea was jet-black and the cold intense.

It was characteristic of this enthusiastic naturalist that he telephoned his discoveries lest at any moment the sphere should collapse under the enormous pressure and his new knowledge die with him.

## GERMANY'S POVERTY

### The Economic Crisis

#### UNABLE TO BUY ABROAD

The reason for the economic disaster threatening Germany is explained in a report by our Commercial Counsellor at Berlin, Mr J. W. F. Thelwall.

Germany's foreign trade has declined severely so that she cannot buy abroad, and this in turn reacts upon all her energies, for she has to deny foreign material, such as cotton, to her own industries for the home market.

Trade shrinkage has brought Germany face to face with serious exchange difficulties, not only as regards her note cover, but also in relation to her foreign indebtedness and to her supply of raw material.

Her need for foreign trade is even greater than with us. Germany's large and efficient industrial apparatus, running at high speed, needs an outlet beyond the home market if it is not to be choked with its own products.

If some means of financing raw material imports cannot be found the German machine will run down for want of fuel, and the whole scheme for the provision of work will be jeopardised.

The cotton-producing countries wish to sell cotton, and yet Germany, with splendid cotton machinery, cannot find foreign exchange to buy enough for her requirements.

## A CRY FOR PEACE

### Three Voices

Talk of armaments and re-armaments is in the air, yet the desire for peace was never stronger among the peoples of the world.

Three recent declarations are well worth noticing. Our own Methodist Church has carried unanimously a resolution condemning war as a crime against humanity and repudiating it as a method of settling international disputes, calling on the Governments of the world to turn to the League for the purposes of maintaining peace, developing and applying international law, and promoting human welfare.

Other British ministers belonging to the Baptist Pacifist Movement have pledged themselves to renounce war in all its works and ways, and to do all that lies in their power to make the teaching of Jesus effective in all human relations.

And, lastly, from America comes the result of a questionnaire sent by the Fellowship of Reconciliation to all Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis in the United States. Out of the 20,800 who answered over 10,000 were definitely in favour of the United States entering the League and less than 6000 were against it; over 17,000 objected to military training in schools and universities, and less than 3000 voted for it; while nearly 16,000 wished the United States to set an example by substantial disarmament, and only 3000 said No.

## A STORM CENSUS

Are you rather disturbed by thunderstorms? Then you should live in a strip of country about 20 miles wide which runs for 50 miles in a south-westerly direction from the Wash. Here the oldest inhabitants can scarcely recall a real storm.

Norfolk, Suffolk, and the Midlands appear to be the centres of thunderstorms during summer. The west coasts of Scotland and Ireland have most in winter, though very few in summer. We are getting very important knowledge on this subject from the Census Organisation, whose watchers are scattered over land and sea.

And, says the Organisation, if you must shelter from thunder under a tree, choose any but an oak. That sturdy fellow is oftenest struck.

## WIRELESS PICTURES

### Will They Come From Australia?

#### MARCONI WORKING TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE

There seems no limit to the activities of the wonderful Marconi.

Fresh from his triumph with the directional wireless beam in proving how to make ships safe in fog, he is concentrating his energies on increasing the range of television.

We can send pictures by wireless for hundreds of miles even today, but Marconi will not rest satisfied until he can make himself master of waves of sufficient radius to send a picture across the world. He knows that micro-waves can accomplish this amazing miracle; his task now is to overcome the technical difficulties.

The human mind can hardly conceive what this miracle of sending a picture across the world involves. About 300,000 light points have to be transmitted every second, and not only have they to be transmitted from a screen but they have to be collected at the receiving station on another screen in the order of their transmission.

Complete success is bound to come, and we shall not have long to wait before we can sit in a comfortable chair and see a cricket match being played in Melbourne on the other side of the world.

## A SHIP'S PROPELLER

### Something New About It

When the first experiments were made in driving a ship with the propeller instead of with paddle-wheels the propeller was made with many blades.

It was soon found that four blades were the most that could be used with advantage, many vessels having three-bladed and even two-bladed propellers. As long ago as 1839 a ship was fitted with a pair of two-bladed propellers, each turning in the opposite direction, with the blades, of course, bent to suit the direction.

Little good came of this experiment, until nearly one hundred years later, when the Italian ship the Cristoforo Colombo, of 3500 tons, was built, and fitted with a pair of two-bladed propellers turning in opposite directions; it has been found that these drive the ship a quarter faster than an ordinary four-bladed propeller.

The reports of these interesting experiments will doubtless lead to new work and may lead to still further saving in power or increase in speed.

## DAUGHTERS OF INDIA

The number of visitors from India to England is increasing each summer. This year the special feature has been the visit of 24 Indian women who came in a party to see Europe.

What impressions are they taking back to their respective localities and homes? They have visited Naples, Venice, Florence, Rome, and were in Munich on the very day when Hitler was shooting his old friends. They had the privilege of seeing Mussolini and the Pope, and met students from some of the Italian universities. They have also seen the famous places of interest in Paris and studied the interesting institutions for international cooperation in Geneva.

Their programme in England was a full one. During the fortnight they were here they saw all that was to be seen, and went to our two famous universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

Among these responsive, alert, and observant women who went about in their gaily coloured saris were some who have been free like any of our own English girls; while others have known freedom only to a certain extent; and there were still others who until two years ago were behind closed doors and knew little of the world outside.

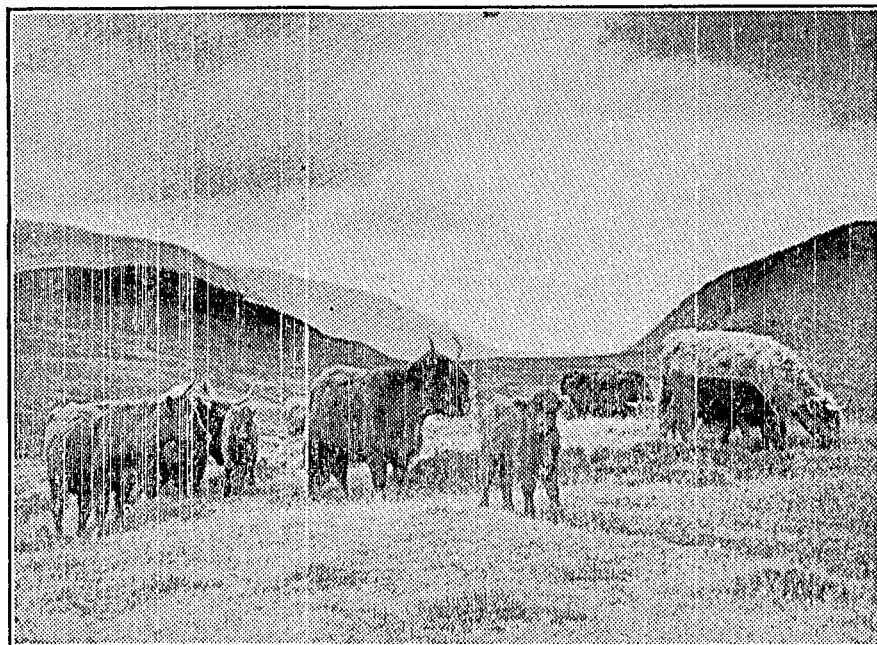


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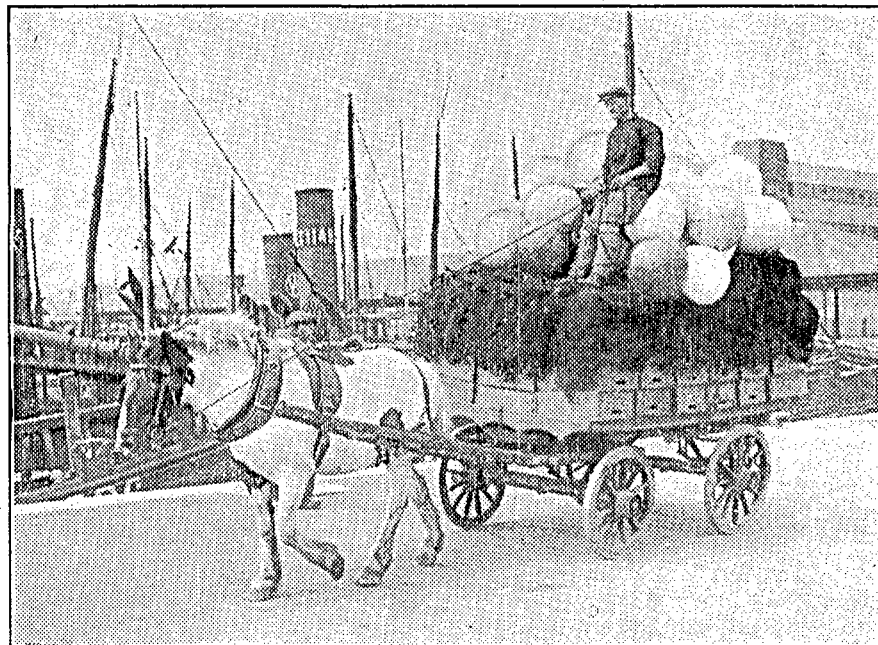
*The Children's Newspaper*

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# HIGHLAND CATTLE · WHIPSNADE'S BABY RHEAS · WINGLESS FLIGHT



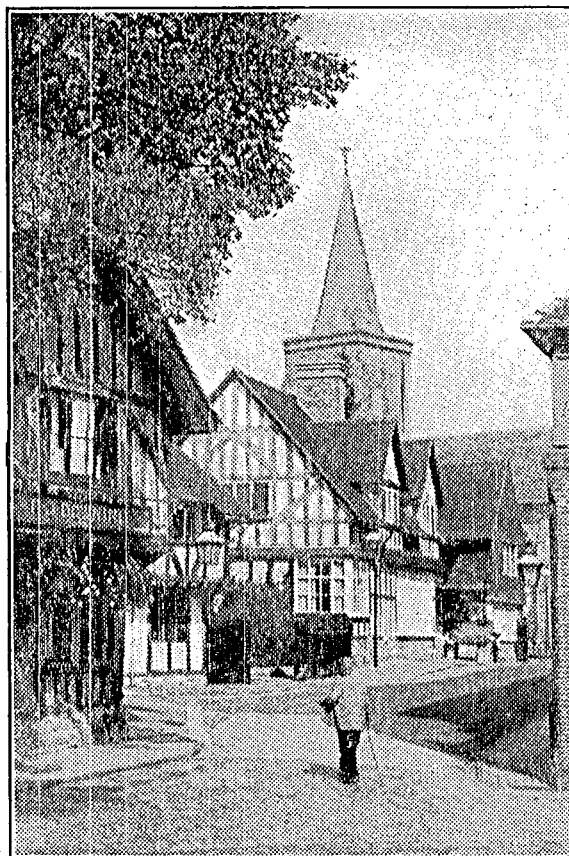
**Cattle on the Hills**—The shaggy, long-horned cattle of Scotland, so favoured by artists years ago, have here made an effective group for our photographer.



**The Fisherman's Cart**—On the quay at Lowestoft a horse-drawn cart takes a load of nets and floats to the boats that are preparing to set out for the North Sea fishing grounds.



**Their First Walk**—Three little rheas just born at the country zoo at Whipsnade are here seen going for their first walk with their mother round the enclosure.



**Ancient Peace**—A charming glimpse of old houses in the Surrey town of Lingfield, with the octagonal spire of the church in the background.



**Wingless Flying Machine**—The autogiro is losing its resemblance to an aeroplane, for the latest type has no wings, as this picture shows.



**Ring o' Roses**—With the end of the holiday in sight these merry girls are making the most of their time at Westcliff-on-Sea.



**Are You Ready?**—The three boys are waiting for the signal to start their sculling race during a regatta on the Thames at Greenwich.



## PARSON BABY AND OTHERS

### How They Fared in Jamaica

#### BRAVE MEN WHOSE NAMES SHOULD BE REMEMBERED

The Methodist Mission House in London preserves an old letter written in Jamaica 100 years ago to a young man called Henry Bleby. It runs:

To Parson Baby or Any Other Preacher. Sir, You have come here to preach. Take my advice and B off, for tar and feathers are ready, and so am eye for u or any of your crew who make the attempt, and the person who hires you or any of you chaps a house, they shall feel it to their cost. So take warning, eye will watch my time. Yours, Mob.

Henry Bleby knew this to be no empty threat. Six Methodist and 14 Baptist chapels and many mission houses had been destroyed by the mob, and Bleby had come to take the place of a preacher who had been imprisoned for preaching to slaves.

In 1791 an Act had been passed by the House of Assembly in St Vincent prohibiting preaching to slaves; the penalty for the first offence was imprisonment or a heavy fine; for the second, flogging and banishment; for the third, death.

#### Cells Like Dungeons

For this crime Matthew Lumb spent two years in gaol. Many other Methodist missionaries had suffered in poisonous little cells like dungeons. John Smith of the London Missionary Society died in a Barbados prison before they had time to hang him.

Twice England cancelled this infamous Act; but Jamaican legislators enacted it again in new forms.

Most of the plantation owners hated Methodists and Baptists because of their sympathy with the slaves, fearing that plots might be hatched at their meetings.

"Destroy the rookeries, and the rooks will fly," went forth the word, and so the chapels and mission houses were wrecked.

Henry Bleby knew the danger was real enough; but he and his wife decided to stay.

One night there came a tramp of many feet; the door was flung open, and in rushed a crowd of men armed with bludgeons. They seized Bleby and tarred and feathered him, and would have set him on fire but his wife dashed the candle to the ground.

#### Order Restored

Help came, and a terrible fight began. One man was set upon and beaten so brutally that he died of his injuries. The mob thought it was Bleby, but it was one of their own band; the missionary escaped.

News of such outrages, and of converted slaves who died after receiving 200 lashes, reached England. A new and stronger governor went out, and order was restored.

All this happened two or three years before the abolition of slavery in the British Empire. Every paper has celebrated the centenary of the Emancipation Act, which became law on August 1, 1834, but let us at the same time remember the men who comforted the slaves while they still sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, Bleby, Smith, and Lumb, brave men whose names should never be forgotten.

#### TALKS FROM A BALLOON

A running commentary will be broadcast from the balloon in which two Belgian scientists are shortly to study the stratosphere.

A short-wave transmitter has been installed in the balloon for keeping in touch with one of the big Brussels broadcasting stations.

## TWO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELTS

### One Warns U.S.A.

#### THE OTHER SEES IT THROUGH

The first President Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, never ceased to protest against the wanton waste of American national resources.

He appointed a Conservation Commission charged with the duty of safeguarding what had not been already lost in water-power, timber, oil, and the very soil itself, but it failed in its work.

Now another President Roosevelt is planning a gigantic scheme of tree-planting to check the ravages of drought. The spoiling of America's wonderful forests has brought loss to great areas, where rainfall is wanting and where dusty soil is blown away by the winds. The great recent dust storm was the fruit of a man-made desert.

So America is to find £15,000,000 to replant denuded areas and to bring back rain and fertility. A forest belt to conserve moisture, over 100 miles wide and 1000 miles long, is to run from the Canadian boundary south to Texas. It means ten years of work, but it is supremely worth doing. Science, slowly but surely, is to undo the evil work of the speculator and the profiteer—a warning to our own country as well as to all others.

## TWO MILLION HOMES IN TEN YEARS?

### Overcrowding and the Pressing Rent Problem

According to the National Housing Committee we require nearly two million new houses in the next ten years to house modestly all the families in England and Wales.

We call this estimate modest because it is based on a standard of allowing not more than one and a half persons to each room. Given the two million new houses, families would be properly separated and the worst of overcrowding brought to an end. This is not to provide for ideal conditions, but to put the housing question on the simplest possible basis.

The Committee also report that at least one million of the new houses should be made available at rents not exceeding 10s a week, inclusive of rates. If this is not done the poorer families could not afford to live in the houses provided.

What is the basis of this 10s rental limit? It has been shown beyond doubt how often the wages of men are below 55s a week. Out of 2,759,548 men reported upon by the Ministry of Labour in 1931, as many as 1,475,681 were below 55s and 2,237,329 below 60s. Ten shillings for rent is a big proportion of such wages. The average coalminer draws only 40s a week, as is little known by coal-consumers.

## FALLEN GIANTS

### Why the Kauri Trees Were Blown Down

The kauri pine is the giant of the New Zealand forest, and is one of the largest of all trees in the world.

Yet even forest giants that have withstood storms for hundreds of years must perish eventually. Bushmen who have been clearing away about thirty large kauri trees that were blown down last winter in Trounson Kauri Park, north of Auckland, tell us that the tap roots of each kauri had rotted.

The bushmen's theory is that when the tap roots of these forest giants reach a layer of hard sandstone far beneath the surface soil the roots begin to rot. That would leave only the lateral roots growing, so that when the winter gales set in the giant trees were easily blown over.

## A NATIONAL FLOWER

### Question of an Emblem For New Zealand

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

It is high time New Zealand had a national flower.

This was the opinion of the keen growers of flowers who attended a meeting of the Wellington Horticultural Society in the capital city of New Zealand the other week.

England has the rose, Scotland the thistle, and Australia the wattle; but so far no one has decided what is New Zealand's national flower.

In order to find out the opinion of the members of the Wellington Horticultural Society a ballot was held at this meeting, and flowers won votes in this order: the Kowhai, Pohutukawa, Manuka, Clematis, and Rata.

#### Worthy Emblems

It was clear there was a great variety of opinion. What, then, would be the choice if a vote was taken of all the people, as has been suggested?

Any of the five flowers mentioned would be a worthy national emblem. The kowhai is a golden bloom shaped like gorse or broom. The pohutukawa has a mass of scarlet stamens, and at Christmas time (midsummer in New Zealand) it colours the sea cliffs, where it grows, in profusion. The manuka has a small pure white flower of four petals about the size of a threepenny-bit. The New Zealand clematis is noted for its graceful white blooms, and, like the red rata bloom, is typical of the New Zealand bush.

#### The Fern Leaf

For want of a better emblem New Zealanders have for many years used a fern leaf as their national badge. Ferns grow in great profusion beneath the shelter of the great trees of the New Zealand bush. New Zealand footballers, when playing against teams from other lands, wear black jerseys with a silver fern badge. The fern leaf has also been adopted as the brand placed on every one of the hundreds of thousands of boxes of butter and crates of cheese shipped from New Zealand every year to the British market.

The fern leaf of New Zealand is in good company, for Canada has its maple leaf and Ireland its shamrock, but there are many New Zealanders who think it is high time New Zealand had a national flower.

## BROTHERHOOD REALLY

### Why Hampshire Children Like It

Visitors to Hayling Island, near Portsmouth, may see three or four hundred children living in huts and tents enjoying an open-air life. They are children of unemployed parents having a fortnight's free holiday.

From the end of May to the end of September these camps are organised by the Post-War Brotherhood Federation, which, with headquarters at Southampton, has over 40 Hampshire branches and a membership of nearly 15,000. The moving spirit is Mr Christopher Hedger, with Mr Walter Ward of Portsmouth as his chief assistant.

The object of the Brotherhood is the teaching and practising of comradeship in all relationships of life, personal, civic, national, and international. Believing in world peace as the ideal of brotherhood, each member is expected to support disarmament.

Membership is open to all, irrespective of race, class, creed, or politics. A particular interest is taken in the welfare of the blind and the deaf and dumb, some of the members regularly taking those who cannot see for walks. But the activity which appeals most to every one in this remarkable movement is that of giving the children of the unemployed a happy time. Besides sending them for holidays the Brotherhood distributes at Christmas thousands of pairs of boots.

## OBERAMMERGAU

### THE GREAT PLAY AFTER 300 YEARS

#### Village Performers in the Saddest Story in the World

#### SOMETHING GOOD FROM A PLAGUE

Oberammergau is celebrating its tercentenary festival.

Twice a week till after September 23 the huge theatre, partly open to the sky and mountains, is being filled with more than 3000 people, drawn together by the greatest true story of all time, with its message that self-sacrifice will work more good in the world than rivalry for power.

Little did the villagers of Oberammergau think, when in tragic circumstances they gave the first performance of the play 300 years ago, that the custom they were starting would bring wealth to their village and make its name famous all over the world.

#### A Peasant's Folly

It was the folly of a peasant named Kaspar Schisler which led to the Passion Play. The Black Death ravaged the land. Whole communities in the Bavarian Highlands were wiped out, and for a long time only the village of Oberammergau escaped infection.

This was because the burgomaster ordered every entrance to the village, every footpath and mountain pass, to be guarded night and day by sentinels. Nobody was allowed to enter or leave.

But when Kaspar Schisler, who was in service with a family in a distant village, was stricken with the plague he had such a longing to see his wife and children before he died that he stole along by concealed paths, passed the guards, and staggered into his own home. He had brought the plague to Oberammergau and not a family escaped. For nine months the bell was tolling continually, and more than eighty people died.

#### A Solemn Vow

In desperation the village councillors assembled in the church to pray for help. Standing before the altar they took hands and made a solemn vow that if the pestilence ceased they would raise up a cross of remembrance in the village every ten years and give a performance of the Passion Play. From that day there were no new cases of plague, and in the following year, 1634, the play was performed for the first time.

Greet God! is the greeting every man, woman, and child gives to the passer-by in Oberammergau. Visitors can almost imagine they are in Nazareth in New Testament times, for at every turn there are familiar faces from Bible pictures, Peter and Judas, and John, with long fair hair, who is an artist craftsman and sells his carvings in one of the shops.

#### A Majestic Figure

Outside a house with wide eaves stands a majestic figure deep in conversation with a friend. This is Alois Lang, who is Jesus in the play and grips the attention of thousands by his fine acting and perfect diction. The multitudes who watch him are touched by the depth of feeling he puts into the words of Jesus, which seem to be charged with a new meaning.

"You must have strong nerves to sit through the play without breaking down!" said a German lady. "It all seems to be really happening, and it is so beautiful and tragic." The Miss 1934 who sat next to her said, "I'm so glad I came!"

"It is unbelievable!" declared a Belgian business man; "such wonderful acting from simple village people!"

He did not realise that many of the Oberammergau people are highly educated and cultured, and in any case miracles can be achieved, as we all know, simply by sincerity and enthusiasm.

Pictures on page 11

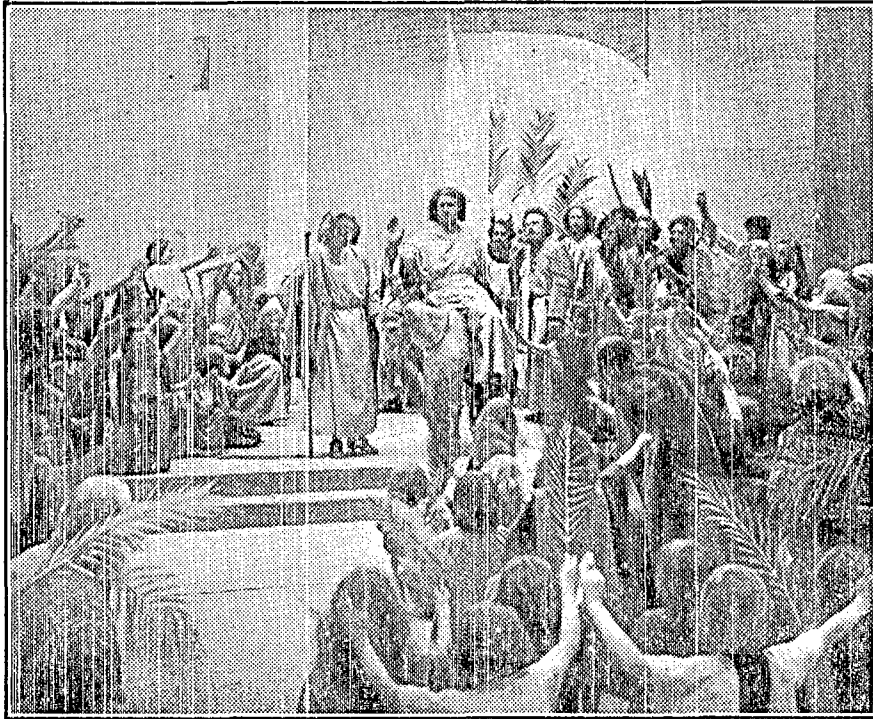


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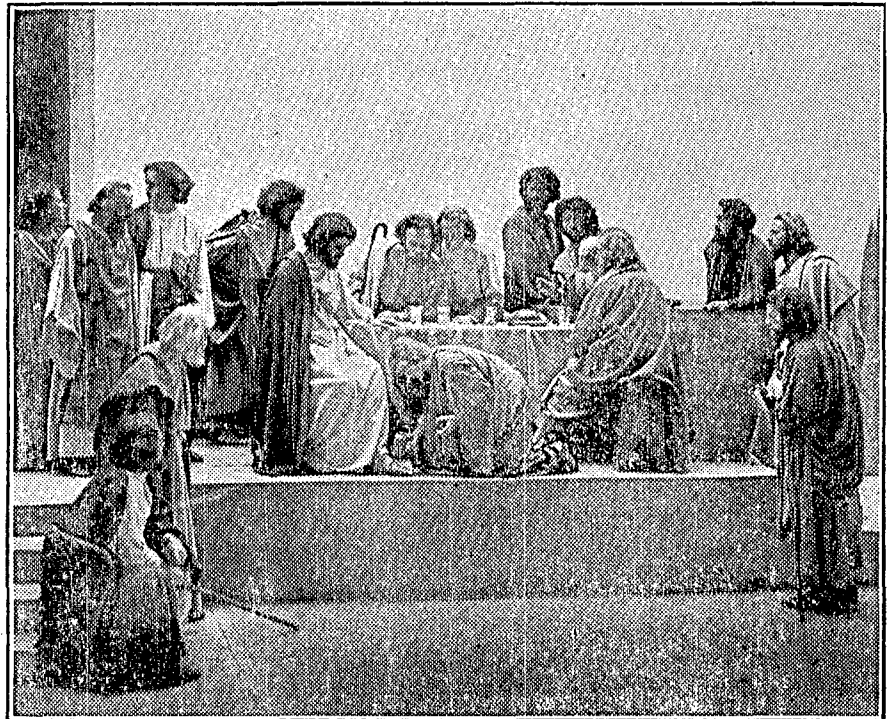
*The Children's Newspaper*

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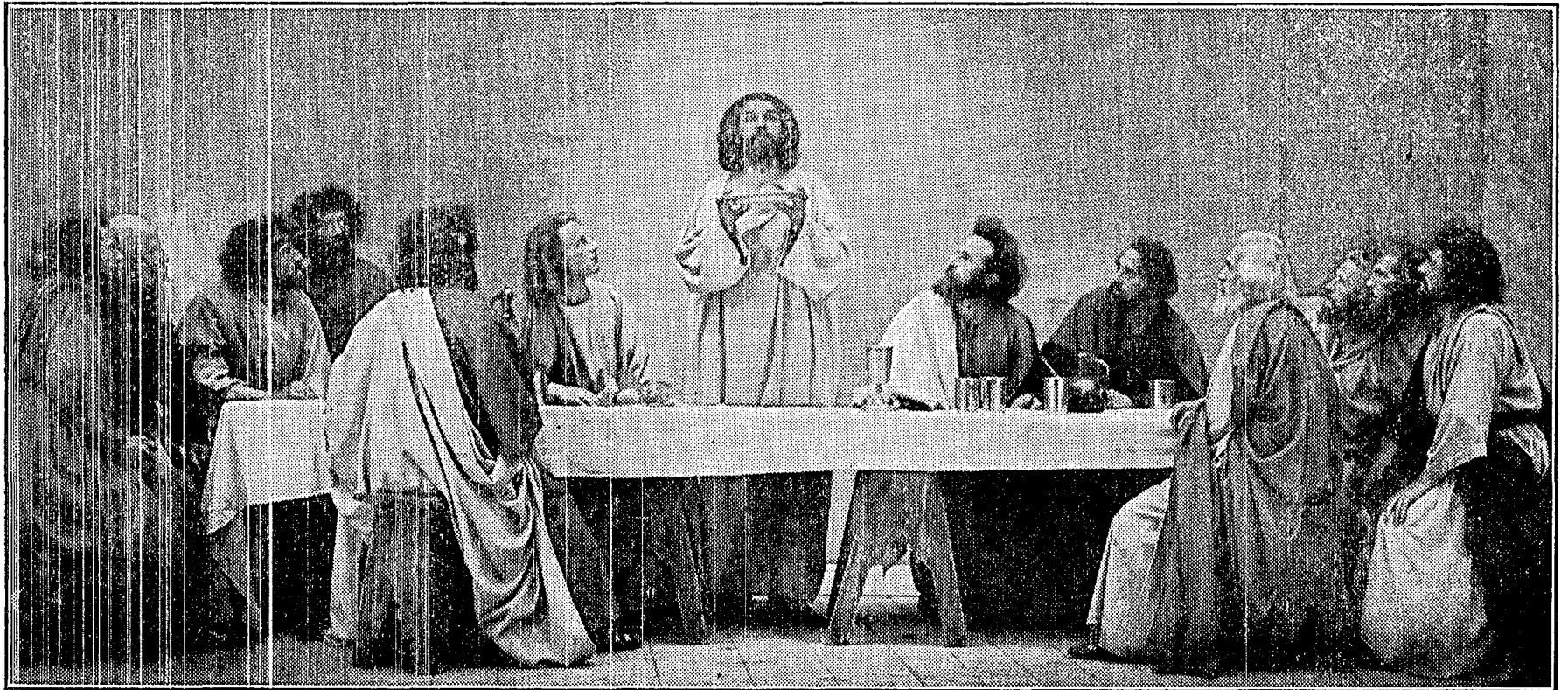
## SCENES FROM THE WONDERFUL PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU



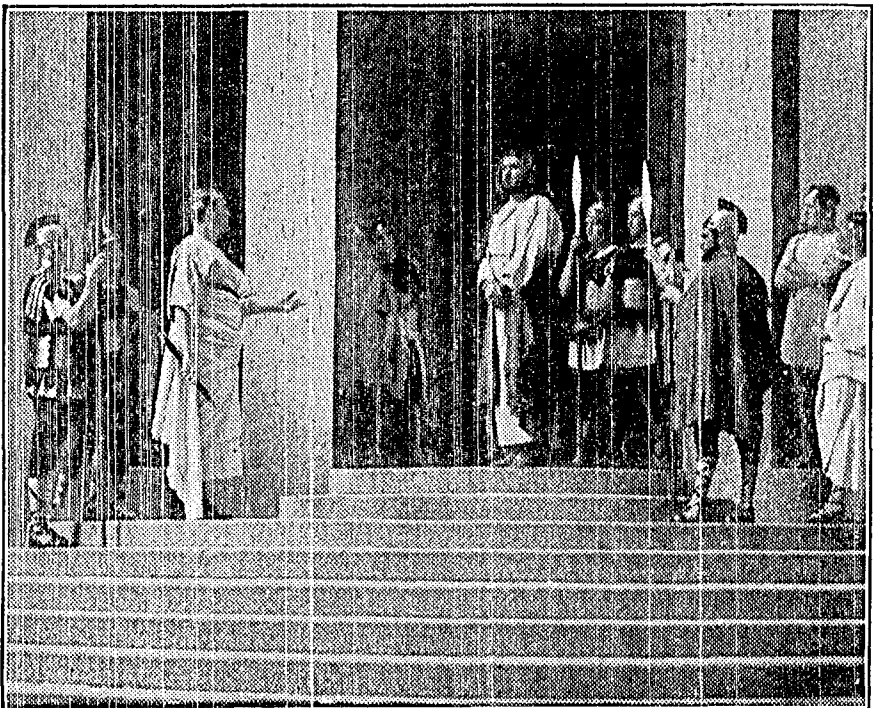
The ride into Jerusalem



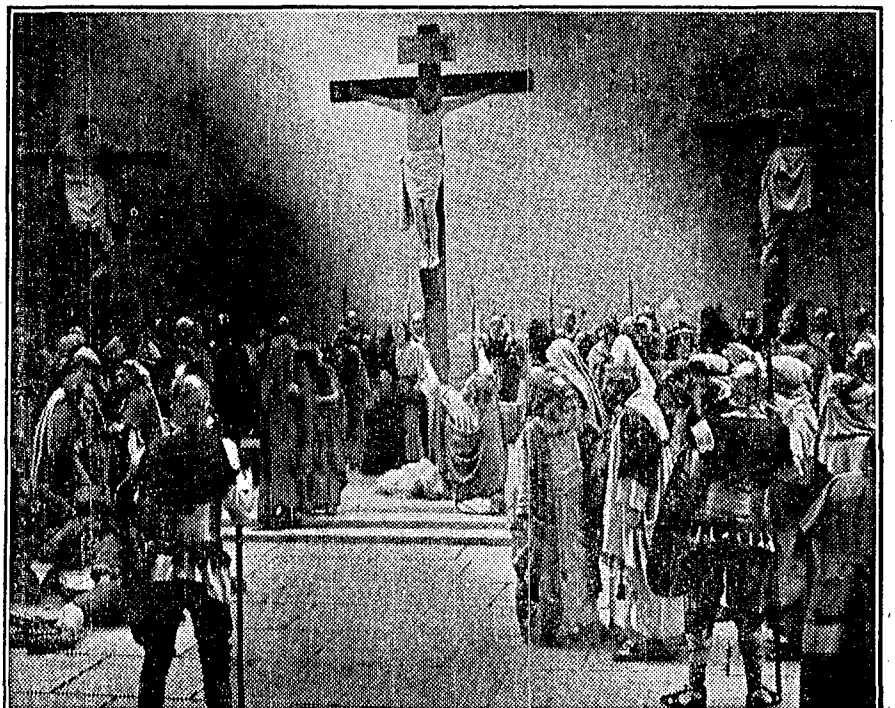
A woman anoints the feet of Jesus



The Last Supper



Jesus before Pilate



The Crucifixion

This year is the tercentenary of the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau. Multitudes of people from all parts of the world are visiting the little village among the mountains of Bavaria to witness this wonderful play, which originated in a great plague 300 years ago, as described on the opposite page.



## KEEPING AN EYE ON OUR CHURCHES

### A YEAR'S GOOD WORK The Council Which Goes On Steadily Doing Fine Things

#### WRONGS PUT RIGHT

We have lately come across a little book which we would like to see in every one of our churches. There is every reason why it should be there and no reason why it should not, for it costs a shilling only.

It is the Sixth Report of the Central Council for the Care of Churches, and it tells us once more of some of those good things that are steadily going on everywhere but are too often lost among the latest scandals in the daily papers.

#### Expert Advice Available

This Council, with the Dean of Westminster as its Chairman, and with 41 Diocesan Advisory Committees, keeps an eye on our precious heritage of churches, urges that architects should be given the chance of designing new ones on new lines, and is ready to help with expert advice (though it has no money to dole out) whenever an alteration is needed, an addition thought of, or a bit of mending required.

Thanks to the Council and its Committees, and to the fact that everyone cares about such things more than they used to, the report is able to announce that a sound tradition has grown up about our churches in the place of the pathetic bad taste which was so often shown last century.

#### Norwich Church Now a Museum

But the Council laments that it still does not reach into all the ten thousand villages of England, and many do not realise that here is expert advice waiting for the asking. We have only to look at the illustration of Horsell Tower to see what good advice is given. Men of 1880 enclosed it in a new stone exterior, completely altering its appearance and proportions, but men of 1933 took the opportunity of decay in the alien covering to remove the covering altogether and recondition the old stone, so that today the tower looks as its 14th-century builders meant it to look.

It is impossible to mention all the good work done with the blessing of this Council during one year. Attleborough has had its famous old screen moved from the west end, where the 19th century put it, back to its original place by the chancel. The 500-year-old St Peter Hungate of Norwich, finding itself one too many among several churches, is now the first museum of ecclesiastical art to be fittingly housed. Timberscombe has had the crude Victorian pink and silver paint cleaned from its medieval screen.

#### Yeldon's Spire Saved

Yeldon's beautiful little spire has been saved from falling down, though daylight could be seen through its stones. Someone has been persuaded to give up three medieval brass portraits, and they are now back in their old place in South Weald Church. A 14th-century window found in a rubbish dump beautifies Littlehampton, and a piece of 15th-century glass shines again in a window at Okehampton. Two churches have been moved, walls, roof, and windows, to where they were more needed. Old ironwork has been protected, roofs have been repaired, and walls whitened and lights added to show up beauties of carving and moulding.

We cannot mention everything—nor can this report, or we would probably have found in it mention of the sixpence-in-the-slot machine by which the C.N. has made it possible for any visitor to Earls Barton in Northamptonshire to

## A CHILDREN'S SHOW What It Means in Natal

The organisers of our great exhibitions and industrial fairs would not, we think, care to have added to their responsibilities that of housing and feeding the exhibitors, but that is what Dr Hertslet had to do when he organised a Children's Day in Natal.

There had been an Agricultural Show in his village last year, and so successful was it that a special Children's Show was held this year as well. We realise how difficult it must have been to arrange when Dr Hertslet tells us that until he set to work no one knew how many schools there were in the district!

It turned out that there were 27 native schools. The teachers and children belonging to them had never met together and had no idea of what each other were doing. Circulars in Zulu were sent to all of them, inviting each class to take part, and things went merrily ahead until the day appointed for the exhibits to be brought in.

#### Undaunted By the Rain

The Committee woke up on a soaking wet morning afraid that all their plans would be spoiled by the weather, for who would expect the keenest schoolboy to carry a heavy basket of vegetables on his head for five or ten miles? But over the greasy roads came missionary cars loaded with handwork; from 50 miles away came a sports team by the two-foot gauge railway; the representatives of another school travelled 30 miles in a wagon; in fact, all day girls and boys were arriving, putting down their precious burdens, and gathering round the big fire for a warm drink.

At the end of the day came the boys from the only industrial school in the district, after a two-days journey with the fine donkey-cart they had made, loaded with specimens of their leather and wood work.

Fortunately none of the crowd wanted beds for the night; they preferred the floor. And though many of them had become accustomed to using plates and spoons and forks they had not by any means forgotten the more usual way of eating—with the fingers from one great cooking-pot—and were quite prepared to do without cutlery.

#### Procession of Banners

On the next day, the day of the show itself, the warm South African sunshine made everyone happy. Behind home-made banners the children of each school marched past to salute the Chief Inspector of Native Affairs, who had come from Maritzburg, 100 miles away, to present the prizes. Parents and visitors gathered from far around to see the wonderful palm-leaf mats and clay models, the woodcarving and needlework and garden produce brought by the children from schools which have little in the way of materials and tools, and whose teachers have had no training for such work.

It is fine to hear that among the Zulus, where education is very young, such difficulties as these are gladly overcome to hold a sports day and exhibition.

#### Continued from the previous column

light up for a few minutes the loveliness of its church, an idea we were glad to start in the hope that it would be copied to equal advantage elsewhere. It is not mentioned in this report.

We are glad to see that the report insists that "good clear lettering on memorials is of great importance and costs no more to produce than the bad forms." We wish, too, that the Council could persuade many churches we know to find somewhere to keep their brushes and pans and pails out of sight instead of making an unsightly heap of them in some part of the church itself, or even hiding them under the very altar, as some churches do to their shame.

## THE LITTER LOU AND HIS FRIENDS

### Moscow Tries a New Way With Them

We all know that Soviet Russia is impatient, and Moscow has apparently grown tired of the ordinary methods of persuading some of her citizens to behave as they should behave in her Central Park of Culture and Rest.

Some of them pick the flowers or spoil the grass; some of them drive away other people's rest by rowdy behaviour; others play loud musical instruments, or break the peace with shouts and yells.

They are little better than babies in their inability to see why they should not do just as they like, no matter if flower-beds are ruined in the process and people are driven out of the park by their noise. The Moscow authorities have decided that one might just as well remonstrate with a baby for



The Litter Lou in his element

crying in the night as try to persuade people like this to be considerate; and so they have chosen other methods.

Absurd caricatures are drawn of the various offenders and stuck up all over the park. One such effigy shows Comrade Safonov, fined for picking flowers and other misbehaviour. The caricature pictures him in flashy clothes, with underneath the inscription:

*He has not learned  
how to behave himself.*

To go down a park shouting and brawling, and then to turn a corner and see a caricature of yourself behaving in this way is certainly enough to pull you up quickly. The effigies are dotted all over the park, and a large sign along one path says:

*For five years the Park of Culture and Rest has struggled against hooliganism, but even today types like those shown here in effigy persist.*

It is some time ago since the C.N. gave a picture of the Litter Lou, and we reproduce his portrait today, drawn by Mr Dowd, who gives us Peter Puck and delights us all in Punch. If this caricature of him was stuck up in his favourite haunts in England his would be the best known portrait of the year; and there are others who deserve such effigies, the Get-Out-Of-My-Way-Motorist, the Set-Your-Commons-on-Fire-Smoker, the Pop-Popping-Motor-Cyclist, the Too-Loud-Speaker-Fiends, the Jay Walker. We know what they all look like, and we wish they could see themselves as others see them. They are not likely to in easy-going England, but it is interesting to know how Soviet Russia is treating some of them.

## IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM BYRD

### Father of English Music A PILGRIMAGE TO HIS OLD HAUNTS AT STONDON MASSEY

William Byrd would have been pleased if he could have revisited his old haunts at Stondon Massey in Essex on the day of the L.C.C. Society's pilgrimage to the tiny church where he played the organ 300 years ago.

This giant of English composers would have heard a concert of his own inspired music, some of the finest ever written, much of which was probably composed in the church. The simple little building, with its wooden turret and pointed cap of red tiles supported from within by curved oak beams, can have changed little since his time. Byrd would have recognised the 14th-century window traceries and the picture on brass of a knight and his lady.

#### Near His Wife

It is almost certain that this great Elizabethan, who for more than half a century was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, lies at Stondon with his wife. It is known that she was buried in the little churchyard, which is surrounded by oaks and sycamores. In his will Byrd directed that he should be "buried neere unto the place where my wife liest buried or eles wher as God and the time shall pmytt and suffer." Although he lived part of the year in Lord Worcester's London house in the Strand, where he was household musician, he was 80 when he died, and it is unlikely that when he grew old he would have been much away from his Essex home.

One side of Byrd's genius was shown when the Madrigal Society sang many of his gayest madrigals. The choir stood near the Tudor barn, the only other building left that he must have known. A big modern house stands on the site of his old home, Stondon Place, to which the barn was attached.

#### An Indignant Lady

Here he lived for nearly 30 years, not always in peace, for an indignant lady tried many times to turn him out. She was Mrs Shelley, widow of the owner, who, for taking part in a Popish plot, had been imprisoned and deprived of his property. But we like to forget the disputes and think of the happy days Byrd must have spent here, especially when his friends came to spend long hours listening to his playing and themselves taking part in the music-making. He was called the Father of English music, and the title is written on the memorial in the church.

Yet Byrd was forgotten for nearly 300 years, and it is only by a fortunate chance that 500 of his compositions have survived to our own day.

## THE MAD CLOCK OF PALL MALL

By Peter Puck

The Mad Clock of Pall Mall is getting madder than ever. Ten To Let notices are now placarded round it.

No one has thought of covering with a To Let notice its poor silly face, or rather both its faces, the one which has said 12 o'clock for the last three years, and the one which for the same period has stoutly maintained that it is 3.15; yet if anything is vacant it is this poor clock, which lost all count of time over three years ago.

Ten To Let notices, and in the middle of them a mad clock! Who could live in such an atmosphere? Time is a difficult enough thing to cope with when it ticks on steadily 60 seconds to the minute, but when it stands still to argue for three years whether it is 12 o'clock or 3.15 it becomes impossible.



## THE CELESTIAL FISHES

### Their Antiquity and Strange Record

#### RENTS IN THE CRUST OF A DYING STAR

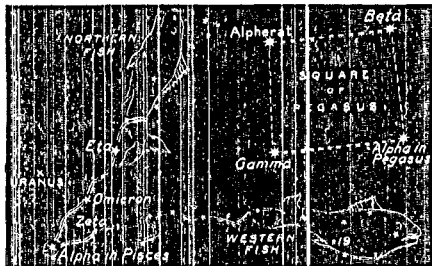
By the C.N. Astronomer

The ancient constellation of Pisces, the Fishes, which is of added interest owing to the presence of the great world of Uranus, may be identified with the aid of the stars of Pegasus.

The four bright stars in particular which compose the Great Square of Pegasus will be at once recognised high in the south-east with the aid of our star-map, which includes also the chief stars of the Fishes.

Pisces is the twelfth of the Zodiac constellations and 2000 years ago it was the last; but it is now the first, for the Sun enters Pisces instead of Aries in March though Pisces is still erroneously known as the Sign of Aries.

The trouble has been caused through what is known as the Precession of the



The star of Pisces, the Fishes, relative to the Great Square of Pegasus and Uranus

Equinoxes, which in turn is due to the changing tilt of the Earth's axis relative to the stars. Consequently all the constellations of the Zodiac are out of place relative to the signs of the Zodiac, each one being about a month in front of the sign. This will get steadily worse until the constellations of the Spring will occur in the Autumn, and so on, and the heavens appear somewhat topsy-turvy from our point of view.

It will reach its worst about 11,000 years hence, after which it will gradually rectify itself, and in 23,000 years time the Sun will be back in both the constellation and sign of Aries at the Vernal Equinox once again.

Pisces dates from the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Persians, and ancient Greeks, all of whom regarded these stars as representing fishes. To the Greeks and Romans these fishes symbolised Venus and Cupid her son, who assumed the form of fishes when they jumped into the River Euphrates to escape from the giant Typhon.

#### The Stars of Pisces

The stars of Pisces are not nearly so bright as those of the Great Square, but it is important to locate three of the brightest. These are Omicron, which Uranus appears not very far from, and also Eta and Alpha in Pisces.

Eta will be found almost in a line eastward from Gamma and Alpha in Pegasus on the south of the Square; it is a great sun very much larger than ours and at a distance 23,000,000 times as far, its light taking 362 years to reach us. It has a small companion sun.

Omicron, a much smaller sun, is 233 light-years distant, and therefore about 14,750,000 times farther than our Sun. Alpha in Pisces is both the brightest and most interesting, being composed of two stars of 2.8 and 3.9 magnitude, and is easily seen in a comparatively small telescope. Zeta is also composed of two stars, 1.48 light-years distant, or 9,366,900 times farther than our Sun.

Most remarkable is the small star marked 19 in the Western Fish; this is of a deep red hue and is best seen through field-glasses. It is a sun that is dying down and occasionally blazes up to a magnitude higher. Its spectrum suggests that great explosive rents take place in its gathering crust. G. F. M.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

### Death of James Thomson

AUGUST 27

This tribute to the memory of James Thomson, the poet of The Seasons, is from a poem by William Collins, who supposed the scene he pictured as being on the Thames near Richmond, where Thomson died in 1748.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:

The year's best sweets shall duteous rise

To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid;  
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds  
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here;

And, while its sounds at distance swell,

Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is dressed,

And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

#### THE FRIENDLY GULL

Out of the thousands of seagulls flying over Whitby harbour Skipper Egton has been able to make friends with one he calls Billie.

Whenever the skipper takes out fishing parties in his boat, no matter in what direction he may be, Billie tracks him down and will settle on the tiller or side of the boat, waiting for a tit-bit.

Everyone who goes out with the boat takes much interest in Billie, but he is shy of all who approach him except the skipper, and even he cannot persuade him to enter the harbour, no matter what dainty is offered.

He will perch on the boat until the piers are reached, and then flies off to the cliffs, renewing his acquaintance when the boat puts out again.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

#### What is Gresham's Law?

In economics the law, attributed to Sir Thomas Gresham, but discovered by earlier economists, that bad money drives out good.

#### What is Papyrus?

A kind of sedge, from eight to ten feet high, found chiefly in Africa. From its pith was made the first paper. This was made of strips of the pith cemented together into sheets, which could be rolled up into scrolls, but later the sheets were bound into pages in book form. Some of the sheets were seven feet long.

#### What is a Theodolite?

An instrument of unknown origin, but much developed, for measuring angles by telescopic means. Commonly it is employed in land surveying. It consists of a small telescope mounted to turn about a vertical axis passing through the centre of a horizontal graduated circle, and also about a horizontal axis, so that it may be set at any elevation. There are various forms for various purposes.

#### What is Ozone?

A gas, blue in colour, the molecule of which contains three atoms of oxygen, represented by the chemical symbol O<sub>3</sub>; it has a smell like garlic or chlorine, and when heated breaks up into ordinary oxygen. The gas at the seaside once supposed to be ozone is nitrogen peroxide, produced by strong light, such as that of the Sun. The ozone produced by chemists is used for the bleaching of oils, waxes, flour, and ivory, and the sterilising of drinking water.

## NEWCOMERS FROM THE GAMBIA

### SIXTY LAND-CRABS CAUSE A SURPRISE

#### Jumbo the Great's Promising Little Namesake

#### PETER AND HIS GUARDIAN

By Our Zoo Correspondent

An interesting consignment of animals arrived the other day from the Gambia.

The newcomers included a red river hog, a wart hog, two lion cubs seven months old, a caracal lynx, two harnessed antelopes, two duikers, a pair of crowned cranes, a 3-foot crocodile, a 4-foot monitor (a species of giant lizard), two pythons each 9 feet long, five baby pythons only one foot long, and sixty land-crabs.

The most imposing of these animals is the red river hog. He is a striking-looking creature, for his colouring is brick-red with a white streak down the middle of his back; and he is the first of his kind to be seen at the Zoo for years.

#### A Peaceful Journey

The most attractive are the two young lions as they are perfectly tame, while the most decorative are the crowned cranes; but it was the land-crabs that managed to be the surprise of the collection.

Never before has the Zoo had so many of these repellent creatures, and as only eight or ten specimens were expected the arrival of sixty caused a housing problem. They vary considerably in age and size, and as they are quarrelsome and disposed to destroy their smaller and weaker relatives they are being grouped according to size. However, though all travelled in one small case, there was comparatively little fighting during the journey. Only one perished on the way, and damaged shells and lost claws were by no means as common as might have been expected.

The Zoo's new two-year-old baby African elephant has been formally nicknamed Jumbo the Second, in the hope that he will become as large and famous as the original Jumbo. The famous Jumbo was barely 5 feet 6 inches when he arrived at the Zoo in 1865, but by the time he was sold to Barnum and Bailey's circus in 1882 for £2000 he stood 11 feet high at the shoulders and weighed nearly six tons.

#### Two Devoted Foster-Mothers

Jumbo's little namesake has settled down well with the Zoo's other African elephant—Hango—but he is not treating his foster-mother with respect. Already she has become devoted to her charge, but though he returns her affection he has no hesitation in being impertinent to her.

If Hango is in his way he boldly charges her, and, instead of chiding him, she simply walks to one side. She is protective towards him and always allows him to have a fair share of all buns and fruit offered by visitors. Frequently, indeed, if food thrown to Jumbo the Second falls out of reach of his baby trunk she retrieves it for him.

Peter, the Zoo's new young giraffe, has also had the good fortune to be adopted by a guardian. Apparently Peter's youth appealed to the maternal instincts of Maudie, one of the two female giraffes in the menagerie, for she takes keen interest in his welfare. When they go out into their paddock for exercise she keeps him by her side and she makes the other giraffes show consideration for their juvenile housemate.

A blind man on Brighton Pier heard a voice and recognised an old friend after 42 years.

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# THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story  
By John Mowbray

## What Has Happened Before

Arnold and Birkin, two senior boys at Bodlands, run away from school one night, and take refuge in a little cottage, the home of Arnold's old nurse Mary.

Their absence is discovered and the search begins.

Meanwhile Mary is telling them the tragic history of Bodlands before it became a school.

## CHAPTER 7

### At the Door

THE woman appeared reluctant to add to her story, but Arnold was so insistent that she gave way.

"Well, there's little more of it," she uttered. "Later on, when one of the Georges came to the throne, the head of the Clavdydus carried favour somehow at Court, so they made him a baronet, and the first thing he did was to pull down the house where Sir Thomas had lived and where the Clavdydus had lived since their ancestor's treachery, and to build himself a new mansion on the same spot."

"Was that the one which was burned down?" Arnold inquired.

"That was the one. It was full of wonderful treasures, for the Clavdydus had gone on growing richer and richer, and the richer they grew the faster calamity followed them. Well, the house was burned to the ground; there wasn't a stick or stone saved; all in keeping with The Bad Luck of Bodlands, as the queer old books used to call it, and as they call it hereabouts to this day. To this very day," she repeated.

"Well, now," said Birkin, "the Clavdydus have all gone."

"But Bodlands hasn't," she answered, under her breath. "Very strange things have happened on the estate."

"Grim doings, what?" Arnold laughed. But the laugh did not ring very true.

Then on a sudden Birkin, who had been showing fresh symptoms of uneasiness, raised his forefinger and put it warningly to his lips. This time he did not jump up as he had done before, but he shot his body forward, his head on one side, with a sign to the other two to keep silent and listen. As they did so, straining their ears, they began to distinguish a throbbing sound which might have been that of a car at some little distance.

The two fugitives were still in their stocking feet, having removed their shoes and set them to dry in the grate. Now Birkin stooped and slipped into his, then passed Arnold's across. The distant drumming seemed louder.

"It's a car all right," he whispered. A minute passed, then a horn hooted twice through the night. The drone turned into a purr, very steady and strong. They held their breath. It was touch and go now: touch and go. If the car shot past they were safe enough for the night.

At the bend of the road the car stopped. Voices could be heard, and then the tread of feet which went past, and came back again. The click of the gate sounded.

"Here they come!" whispered Birkin. Then he and Arnold slipped off down the little passage and round the corner which turned sharply into the kitchen, where, leaving ajar the door through which they had passed, they crossed the floor in the dark to the outer door. They could feel that the bolt was shot and the key turned. They opened it quietly.

Birkin was for fleeing at once. But Arnold dissuaded him. "No, wait and see," he whispered.

He was confident that his old nurse would not betray them, though equally sure that she would not go as far as to tell a lie. "She's staunch as steel," he whispered. "She'll fob them off somehow. Keep still and listen. We can hear all that goes on at the door."

"You've got this door open all right?"

"Yes, and my hand on the latch."

So there they crouched with their ears pricked. And a cinder fell from the dying fire to the hearth. And the ticking of a little clock sounded tremendous. And Birkin's heart came into his mouth with a jump, for he suddenly saw two big yellow eyes in the darkness looking straight at him from about the level of his waist.

"Look! What's that?" he gasped.

"It's a cat, you juggins," breathed Arnold.

With a gentle plop the cat jumped down from the table and Birkin felt its soft body rubbing his legs.

"Go away!" he told it. "Oh, go away! Do!" He appeared to be losing all control over his nerves.

The friendly cat was mewling to ask them to notice it. Arnold bent down and fondled

its head. So its mew turned to purring. Arnold spoke to it softly, but Birkin remained quivering and fretting.

"Listen! Here they are! They've guessed we're inside here!"

The footsteps on the path had come to a halt. The people outside, Birkin believed, were consulting in undertones. Some minutes passed, then a sharp double knock resounded on the front door.

The woman was taking her time in attending the door. They wondered what she was doing? Could they have seen her, they would have seen her clearing her table, putting the coffee jug and their mugs out of sight, and straightening the room to leave no sign of visitors. And then, raising the flame of her lamp to its normal height, before finally, after a last cautious glance round the room, putting a light to her little hand-lamp in its tin container and marching off to the door with it.

"I am very sorry to disturb you at this hour, but I saw your faint light—" (It was the Head's voice sure enough. Their alarm had been justified.) "But I wish to inquire if you have such a thing in Greeme as a telephone?"

"A telephone?" Mary repeated in a loud voice.

"Yes, a telephone. Is there one in your village Post Office?"

"The Post Office has been shut a long time ago."

"Could we knock them up, do you think?"

"I can't say," she answered.

The listeners nudged each other. This sounded all right. Birkin ceased to shake, and Arnold smiled broadly in the dark.

## CHAPTER 8

### In the Kitchen

WHEN they heard the Head speak again his tones sounded pondering.

"Well, it's annoying," he said. "The fact is I am searching for two young friends of mine—"

"Friends! Golly!" observed Arnold, under his breath.

"I seem to have missed them somehow. Can one catch trains here?"

## JACKO GUESSES WRONG

MOTHER JACKO was "all of a flutter."

Aunt Matilda, whom they seldom saw, was coming to Monkeyville to pay them a little visit; but as she had only given a couple of days notice there wasn't much time to prepare for her.

"I'll help, Mater! Give me a job," begged Jacko, hopping round her.

Mother Jacko knew what sort of help

"No, there are no trains from Greeme," replied Mary. "We haven't a station. It's your first visit, is it, to Greeme, sir?"

"Yes, quite my first. No doubt you have some hotel?"

"There's no hotel here, sir."

"Then an inn?"

"Yes, there's an inn, sir."

"Could it put people up for the night?"

"They might find you a bed, sir. Would you both want beds, sir?" said Mary, keeping her voice raised, and indicating the man who accompanied the Head.

"Oh, no. I wasn't thinking of beds for ourselves. I was thinking of my two young friends, my good woman."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said.

"Would you care to step in, sir? It's a wild night. Would you care to rest for a while?"

"She's clever!" breathed Arnold. "They can't suspect now!"

But he gave a start when the cat at that moment let out a shrill mew and turned its back to patter away down the passage.

They heard the Head apologising with a laugh for disturbing the cat as well as its mistress. Then came a pause. And then, just as the Head was saying good-night, the throbbing listeners heard him break off in the middle to attend to something his companion said in an undertone.

"Eh? What?" the Head answered.

"In the kitchen, sir," rose the reply.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure, sir."

Birkin turned white as a sheet.

There was no doubt the Head had restored his attention to Mary.

"I suppose that cat came from your kitchen?" he was saying.

No answer reached them from her; no doubt she just nodded.

"Then your kitchen is not locked up yet?"

"No, it isn't," she spoke.

"Ah! Do you mind if we pay it a visit?"

No answer at all. They could picture Mary swiftly collecting her thoughts. She would play for time, they supposed, while they got clear away.

Birkin whispered: "Shall we go now?"

But Arnold had let the latch drop. It had stuck in its socket somehow. He was wrenching at it desperately, but was fearful of making a clatter.

"We must get away without noise," he breathed, "or they'll catch us. What's

the matter with the wretched latch?" For the thing wouldn't budge.

"I should never dream of giving you so much trouble"—the Head was obviously speaking now from inside; he sounded as if he was by the door of the living-room—"but my man is sure—"

"Sure of what, sir?" came Mary's voice harshly.

"That our car will break down unless we get some water for the engine. The engine is over-hot. We must have some water for it."

"Oh!" Mary exclaimed.

"So I thought," the Head was continuing in a bland tone, "that you would allow my man to fetch some from the tap in your kitchen. If you could lend him a bucket—"

"Please wait. I'll fetch some myself. Won't you step into my sitting-room for a moment?"

Then they heard Mary's feet coming slowly along the passage, and the chauffeur's heavier tread at her heels.

"Take care! It's dark," sounded Mary's voice over her shoulder.

"That's all right, ma'am. I'll strike a match," said the chauffeur.

"Strike away, my boy, and welcome!" said Arnold to himself, as the latch came up with a jerk and the fugitives gained the small yard, with the door closed behind them, just as Mary and the chauffeur entered the kitchen. Beads of perspiration were glistening on Birkin's brow. The big bulk of a rain-water butt loomed in front of them. And confident that Mary would lead the man straight to the tap, and stand over him while he was filling his bucket, they crouched behind this friendly butt in the darkness.

The alarm had passed, however. The worst had been weathered. Not ten minutes later the lights of the car had vanished, and they stole from their concealment back to the kitchen, where Mary was awaiting them with a smile on her face and the cat, looking highly pleased with itself, at her side. It thrust its head into Arnold's hand to be stroked again.

Birkin told Mary of the fright they had had with the latch.

"Yes, it often jams like that. It wants mending," she said, and picked up her smoky tin lamp from the dresser. "Well, and now I'll make up your bed. It's a night's rest you need."

At dawn they only waited to make a good breakfast, then slipped out of Greeme, retaining their borrowed clothes because these would be less conspicuous than their own. They secured a lift in a milk lorry to the next village. Here they parted with the lorry and took to their legs, being out of the radius, they hoped, of roadside inquiries.

"And, at any rate," said Arnold, "we don't look like chaps from the school."

Nor did they. They looked like two country lads going to their work: an illusion Arnold had fostered by borrowing from Mary plates and saucers swung in red handkerchiefs, carrying their dinners.

By midday they had put the woods between themselves and Bodlands, and at three in the afternoon, and still travelling afoot, they were passing down the cut into Church Ferry End. Here they got rid of the red handkerchiefs and their saucers, and discarded their caps to make themselves look rather different. But nobody whom they had met had shown any interest in them, nor had they encountered signs of a hue and cry.

At Church Ferry they took a breather, with some tea and cold tongue at the wayside coffee-house beside the big filling station, then took the road once more with little anxiety. They lived not far from each other, and were able to reckon on catching a local train later on which should bring them to their homes about nine o'clock.

"And nothing will induce me to go back," cried Birkin. "I won't be sent back!"

"Nor I!" agreed Arnold.

"You'll write to Mrs Talbot and thank her again?"

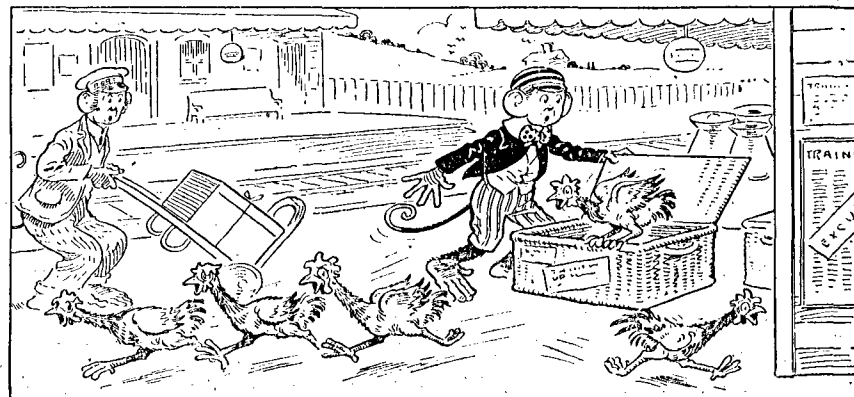
Arnold nodded.

Step with step, they went swinging on down a lane. The light began to fade, the dusk fell. They met a labourer trudging from work who tossed a good-night to them. No rain was falling. All the countryside lay very still after yesterday's storm. They gained the highroad once more, and turned toward the signpost, talking under their breath.

They found that the gale last night had blown down the signpost. An A.A. scout was stationed there. He directed them, then stood watching their figures disappear in the dusk.

That was the last the neighbourhood saw of Arnold and Birkin.

TO BE CONTINUED



The basket suddenly came to life

he gave, but she could see he was trying to be useful, so she said:

"I've ordered some chickens from the farm. You can run round to the station for me and ask if they have come."

"Right!" said Jacko, and off he ran.

He came back a little later to report that the chickens hadn't arrived.

"Oh dear!" sighed his mother. "And I did want to prepare them tonight—there'll be so much to do tomorrow."

In the morning there came a letter from Aunt Matilda, telling them she was coming by the five o'clock bus.

"But I'm sending my box on first," she wrote. "Perhaps one of the boys would fetch it from the station."

if they'd only take the trouble to look for them!"

He wandered out of the luggage office on to the platform; and the first thing his eyes fell upon was a wicker basket labelled Chickens.

"There it is!" cried Jacko, rushing forward. He pounced on it and threw up the lid.

The basket came suddenly to life. With a great flutter of wings five young roosters flew up in his face.

Jacko yelled and stepped back, while the birds, squawking loudly, went flapping away down the platform.

The sleepy little station woke up. Jacko took to his heels!



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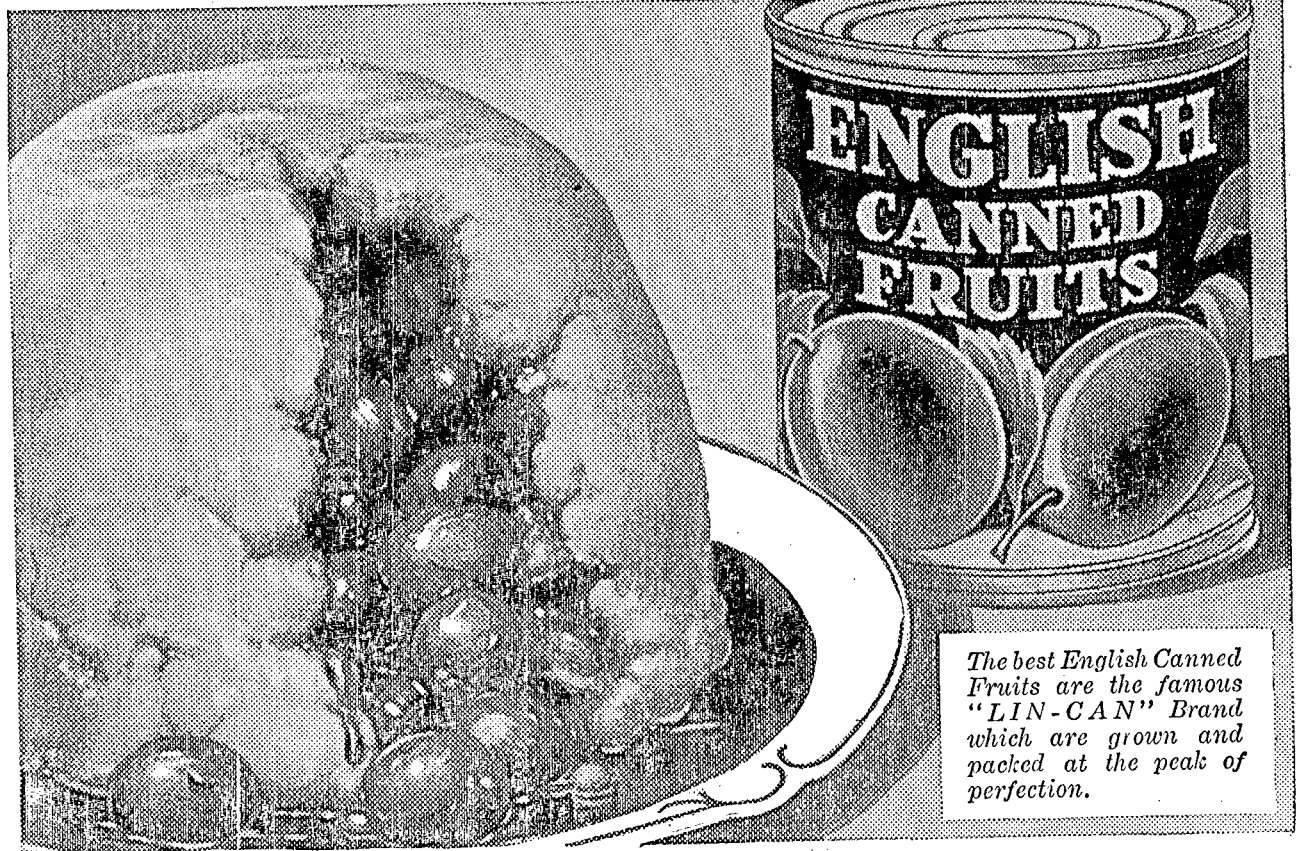
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## RECIPE

for SUET CRUST for  
FRESH FRUIT PUDDINGS.

8 oz. Self-raising Flour, or  
8 oz. Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon  
Baking Powder. 4 oz. Shredded  
'ATORA.' Pinch of Salt.  
Mix ingredients with the flour,  
add the Shredded 'Atora,' and  
mix, do not rub in, add water  
to mix to a firm paste (about  
a small teacupful) and roll out.  
Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.  
Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire  
or small gas jet.

N.B. When making fruit puddings  
with canned fruit, use the syrup  
from the tin in place of sugar for  
sweetening.

100 tested recipes are given in the  
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# POPULAR WIRELESS

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 25, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

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## THE BRAN TUB

### Chickens and Rabbits

A BUTCHER had in his shop a number of chickens and a number of rabbits, totalling 70 altogether.

He sold half of his chickens and a quarter of his rabbits, leaving 43 chickens and rabbits on his hands.

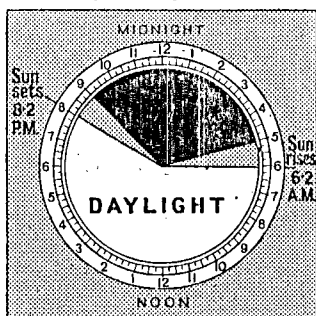
How many of each kind did he have to begin with?

Answer next week

### Next Week in the Countryside

SWALLOWS are singing. Martins are collecting in great numbers on the roofs of houses. The stone curlew is heard clamouring. The clouded-yellow butterfly appears. Peaches are ripe. Red bryony berries are ripe.

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on August 25. The daylight is now getting shorter each day.

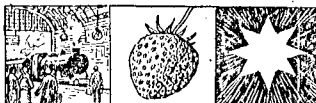
### The British Isles

It is scarcely possible to calculate how many islands comprise the British Isles if we include every little rocky projection, but more than 5000 have been charted. Most of them are to be found off the western shores of Scotland and Ireland, where the coast has been broken up by the full fury of the Atlantic.

Most numerous are the Hebrides, which comprise about 500, although the majority of them are uninhabited.

There are more than 50 inhabited islands in the Shetlands and Orkneys, and there are about 150 others on which no one lives.

### Ici On Parle Français

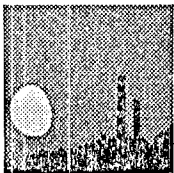


La gare Strawberry Une étoile  
Station Strawberry Star

Le train vient d'entrer en gare.  
J'adore les fraises à la crème.  
Les étoiles brillent dans le ciel.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the West and Saturn is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, August 28.



### Joining a Chain

A FARMER had five pieces of chain with three links in each. He took them to the blacksmith and asked what he would charge for joining up the five pieces into one length.

The blacksmith said he would charge a penny for cutting a link and a penny for joining it again, so the total cost would be eightpence. The farmer, however, pointed out how the job could be done just as well for sixpence on the same terms—a penny for cutting and a penny for joining each link.

What was the cheaper method of doing it?

Answer next week

### The Railway Wheel

THE tread on a railway wheel is not horizontal but tapering outward with the flange on the larger side; also the wheels do not fit tightly between the rails but have five-eighths of an inch play. When the engine traverses a curve there is a tendency for the outer wheels to mount the rail, and the flanges of the inner wheels are correspondingly away from their rail; hence, the outer wheels are running on their largest circumference and the inner wheels on their smallest, so that the outer wheels travel a little farther than the inner.

### Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in juggle but not in trick,  
My second's in cudgel but not in stick,  
My third is in leaping but not in jump,  
My fourth is in cistern but not in pump,  
My fifth is in bushel but not in ton,  
My sixth is in sorrow but not in fun,  
My seventh's in castle but not in house,  
My eighth is in cockroach but not in mouse,  
My ninth is in every but not in all,  
My tenth is in stockade but not in wall,  
My eleventh's in anchor but not in ship,  
My twelfth is in birches but not in whip,  
My whole is the work of a writer great,  
Think now with care and the answer state.

Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### The Striking Clock

Tom woke up just in time to hear the last stroke of 12; then he heard the clock strike once at 12.30; at 1 a.m.; and at 1.30.

#### All Seasons

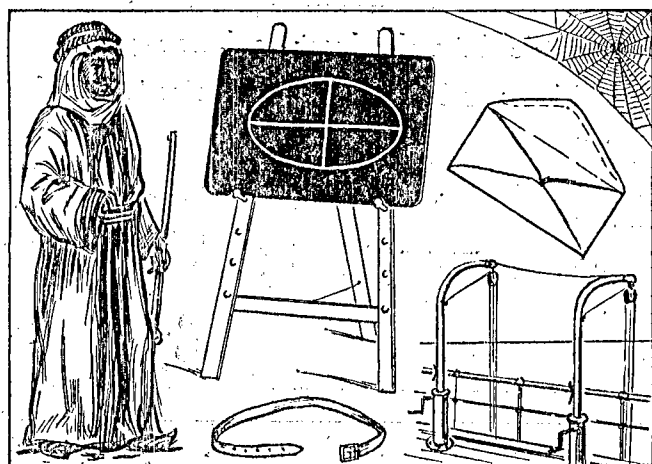
SPRING  
AUTUMN  
TOMATO  
CROMER  
MINUET  
WINTER

The Professor's Age  
32.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

T	E	N	N	I	S	A	A	E	R	A	T	E
O	D	E	S	E	A	M	A	R	K	I	R	E
P	G	A	L	E	S	M	E	E	T	S	L	
E	E	R	I	E	C	A	P	S	O	L	E	S
T	O	R	B	E	T	E	L	T	E	N		
A	H	I	R	O	N	R	A	T	E			
B	E	L	L	O	T	T	E	R				
C	R	A	Y	O	N	O	D	E	S	E	R	T

### A Double Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the seven words represented by these drawings and write them one under another in such order that the initial and final letters spell things that are found on the beach.

Answer next week

### TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

PAULINE sat herself firmly down in the middle of a big armchair.

She thought, Half an hour—half an hour! Oh, I shall never be able to sit still for half an hour.

She looked solemnly through the two picture books which her mother had given her. But she knew all the pictures by heart, and soon she was fidgeting about on the chair, saying "Oh dear!" in a miserable little voice.

After a while she lay back and sat perfectly still for exactly one minute and three-quarters, and then she dug her fat little hands right down between the part you sit on and the soft sides of the chair. Down, down they went until her arms, right up to the

elbows, were buried in the chair. Then, greatly to her surprise, the fingers of her right hand closed over something cool and hard, and she



She dug her hands right down

drew out a beautiful stone, shaped like a falling drop of rain. How pretty! she thought, and for quite a long time she sat playing with it.

While she was looking at it the door opened and someone said "Hallo, Pauline; why are you sitting there like a little-martyr?"

It was Daddy! But Daddy never came home till tea-time! "I've come home early," he told her, "because it's Mummie's birthday. Look! here's some chocolate. Hide it now and put it on her plate at tea-time."

Yes, and I'll put the pretty stone too, Pauline thought, and hurried away because Mummie was coming down. She wrapped the surprise up in a wisp of blue paper and popped into the dining-room and put it with the chocolate on her mother's plate.

Tea-time came and they sat down. Mummie stared

happily at her plate and opened the chocolate.

"Oh, thank you, Pauline," she said. "But whatever is this?" and she took up the small parcel.

Never in her life had Pauline seen anyone look as surprised and pleased as Mother did when she saw what was in it.

"Why, it's my lost opal! my beautiful opal!" she exclaimed. "Daddy, look! It's simply too lovely to be true. Oh, Pauline, wherever did you find it?"

"In the chair," the little girl answered, staring at her mother, who so strangely liked a pretty little stone better than a big packet of chocolate. And then she was snatched up and hugged.

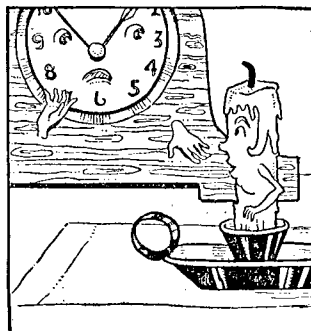
## Dr MERRYMAN

### The Reason

HIS friends had heard before of his pride in the place he was born in. "Wherever I go," he said, "I meet sensible men from my native county."

"Naturally," replied the wag. "Sensible men leave it as quickly as they can."

### Hot-Headed



DEAR me! What a scandal! (Said the Clock to the Candle):

Mr Match has been struck, it is said.

He flared up, then went out; And there can be no doubt That the poor fellow quite lost his head.

### Sale Now On

THE scene was one of those cheap-jack shops found in the main streets of many big towns.

"So your opening sale is about to close," remarked a friend of the proprietor. "What next?"

"Our closing sale will open," was the reply.

### Six-Cylinder Rembrandt?

MRS LOTT MUNNY had just heard from her husband, who was making a business trip in France.

"My husband asks me if I'd like a Rembrandt or a Titian for my birthday," she remarked.

"Oh, you'd be fairly safe with either," replied her friend Mrs Newrich. "Those French cars are pretty good."

### Bankrupt

BILL: Fred had the nerve to tell me his face is his fortune.

JACK: I'm fed up with hearing these hard-luck stories.

### Taking No Risks

BLACK was decidedly annoyed with one of his clients.

"I should tell him just what I think of him if I were you," remarked White.

"How can I?" replied Black. "He's not on the telephone."

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